

# ROLLING STONE

ACME No. 18

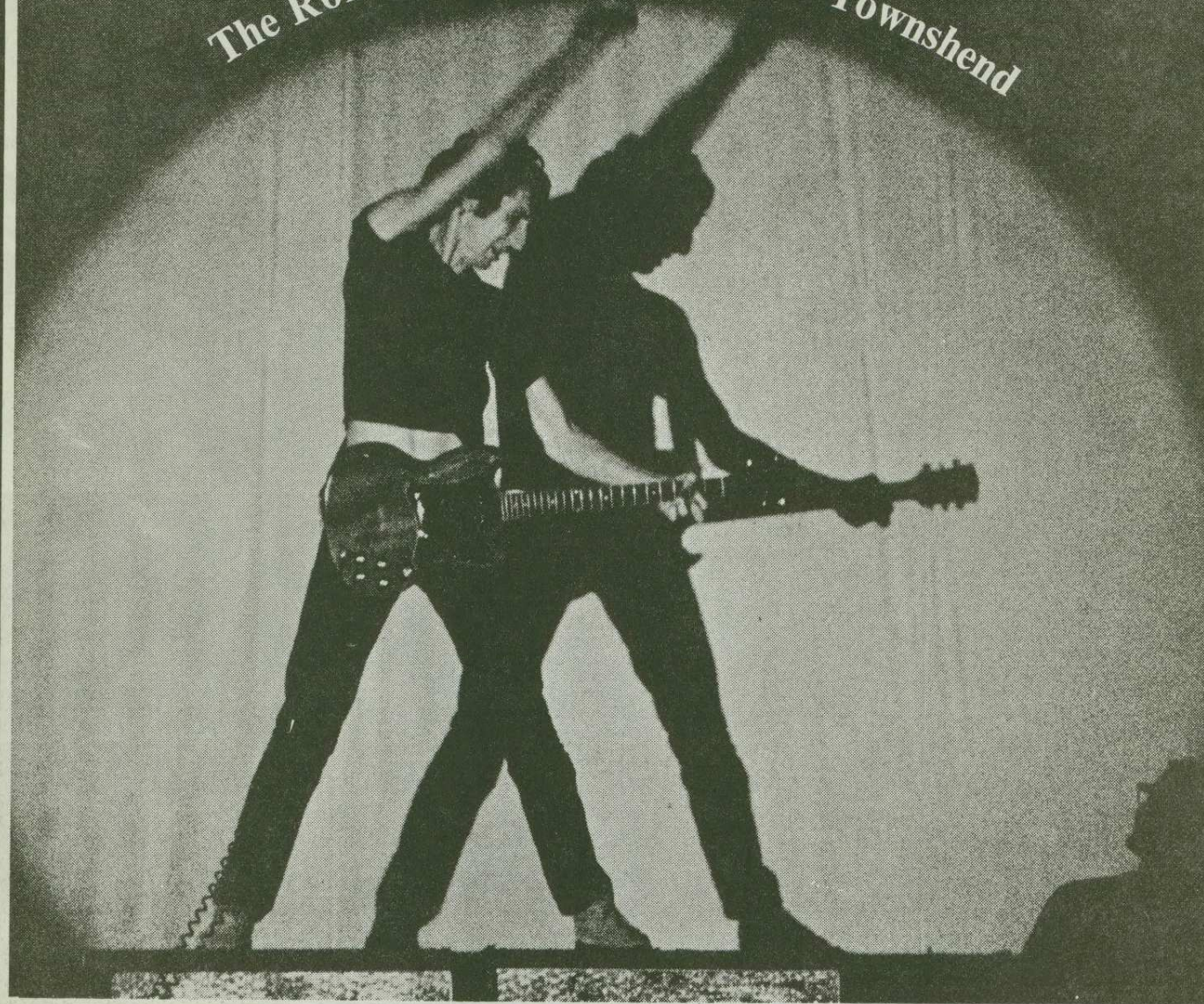
SEPTEMBER 28, 1968

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

**'Janis Leaves Big Brother & Co.. 'Rock and Roll Shrivels Hearing'  
Where the Hell Is the New Stones Album?**

**A Rock and Roll Guide to Politics**

*The Rolling Stone Interview: Pete Townshend*





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No. 18  
SEPTEMBER 28, 1968  
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMANN

## 'Rock Shrivels Your Hearing'

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

Patrons of rock and roll dance-halls and discotheques may be blowing their eardrums as well as their minds, according to a researcher at the University of Tennessee. Concern has been spreading about the possibility of permanent hearing impairment among rock fans since the publication of a study showing the deleterious effect of a regular diet of loud music on a guinea pig.

The first wave of concern followed the rumor several months ago that Eric Clapton had suffered a broken eardrum in the course of a Cream concert. Now it is claimed that even regular listening to rock music is enough to damage hearing.

Many rock musicians and other people in the industry have questioned the findings. As of this report, rock and roll has not been charged with causing chromosome damage.

The findings were announced on August 20 by Dr. David M. Lipscomb, director of the University of Tennessee's audio clinical services. Dr. Lipscomb said his study was prompted last fall when routine screening of freshmen showed twenty-five percent of the students had measurable hearing loss.

Go-go music was recorded at a Knoxville discotheque for the experiment and played back to a guinea pig, whose name has not been recorded, at the level measured in the discotheque. Dr. Lipscomb used 120 decibels as the sound level, the same sound intensity as a jet engine. "But we have measured sound in these discotheques at 138 decibels," he said, "only two decibels below the pain threshold."

The rodent heard 88 hours of music, spread over three months at intervals designed to match the listening habits of the average

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## Everybody's Chicago Blues

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA

What was so frightening about the Democratic National Convention in Chicago this last month was the air of impending death which it has broadcast throughout the United States. Unlike the Republican Party, whose Miami Beach Resort & Motel convention reflected its members' view of a saran-coated, morosely efficient and gray America, the Democratic party holds within it, the real American dilemma of today: what is going on and what the hell is going to be done about it. And what we saw was the spectacle of a violent polarization, between young and old.

It was seen in the streets of Chicago: the ugliness of power and the appalling hopelessness of those who fight against it (and ultimately for it), dropping any pretense about the intensity with which they hold their opinions.

There are no hopeful signs that a nation has been awakened to police brutality and political

suppression. The only change Chicago has wrought in that way is to force all the cards onto the table so no one can deny they are playing the game. It doesn't change it a bit, Walter Cronkite and Eric Severeid to the contrary. Nixon — or someone just like him — will be president, and constitutional guarantees mean nothing to him. What will the inflexibility be met with? More inflexibility?

The only thing that made the primary campaigns at all interesting was the fact of youth. For several million war babies come of age, this was the first election they could vote in.

Three candidates took the "youth market" approach. Bobby Kennedy, Nelson Rockefeller and Eugene McCarthy.

Rockefeller was too obvious on the surface, in and out vacillating on Vietnam and so much else, that his pitch to youth and his use of it as a campaign motto was

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# SONG OF INNOCENCE

...in which a  
vibrant confluence of  
mellifluous phenomenon  
proliferates the ignominious  
illations concerning  
the anthropocentric  
creed...

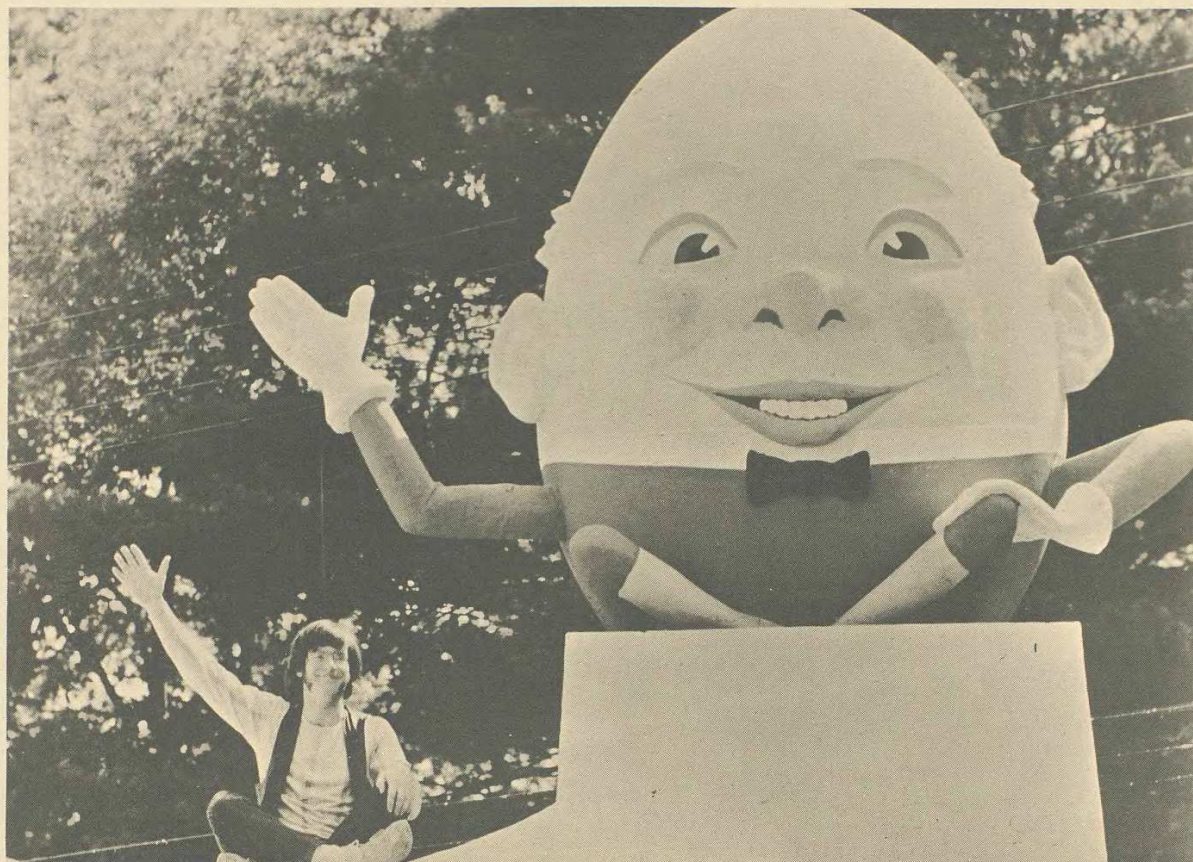
*But a totally  
wiggled out experience!*



COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY DAVID AXELROD







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This edition printed on September 4th for newsstand sales until September 28th.

## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

### SIRS:

I admire the writings of Jon Landau, but I really disagree with his criticism of Janis Joplin, the undisputed queen of the blues.

Landau claims that Janis Joplin can't sing because she shows lack of sophistication and a lack of security with her material. He also claims that her melodrama, overstatement and coarseness are not virtues. But in fact, Janis is the best blues singer today, because she sings with brashness and violence and she's not inhibited like other blues singers.

Janis is not a commercial or plastic artist like some other so-called "blues" or "soul" singers that are in fact just put-ons. Janis is different because she sings and acts as she feels. In my opinion Janis is the most exciting singer and personality in the rock world today. Janis is the greatest!

PHIL BATTAGLIA  
 LA MESA, CALIF.

### SIRS:

In regards to the article Ralph Gleason had in July 20 issue of "Rolling Stone": For the most part Mr. Gleason is right. However, when he talks about the possibility of "Big Brother and the Holding Co." breaking up because of the "star syndrome," I think that Big Bro. is beyond that kind of pettiness.

The reason Janis gets all the applause is 1.) Janis is a woman and 2.) being a singer she uses her body as her musical instrument; therefore when she comes on stage there are cheers and applause. Everything is up there at once: musician, instrument and woman. Remember that there are a lot of guys out there (I'm one) for whom Janis is it. Soul, beauty and singer in one neat, fantastic package. A reaction from the audience is expected.

However, when, for instance, James Gurley comes on stage he has neither the advantage of being a

groovy chick or having a built-in musical instrument. But he plays fantastic guitar and everybody knows it. It's just that the audience doesn't react as it reacts when it sees Janis. Same goes for Sam, David and Peter.

Actually it's a very simple emotional thing. Big Brother is one of the best combinations of musicians and singers and personalities to come along in some time. It would be a tragedy if they were to break up in any way because of top-heavy publicity. I think most San Francisco groups are too mature to let that type of thing happen, anyway. The music is too good to worry about pettiness.

TOM CASEY  
 SAN FRANCISCO

### SIRS:

Now, re the small article about Janis Joplin's splitting with band — I agree on all points (being careful with career, etc.), but toward the end was a silly statement—she'll "end up like Laura Nyro." Not even silly — mainly sightless.

Janis is a great, raunchy, rock and roll singer. Musically, that is all. (In her case, that's plenty.) Nyro is a great, raunchy, rock singer, a dynamite blues singer, a great soul singer, and a very fine jazz singer. It's obvious that if inclined to record albums of easy-listening, Bert Barach material, she would knock every Dionne, Nancy Wilson, Vikki Carr off the charts. However, she chooses to release her intensely personal works.

I had never heard of Laura Nyro, or at least the name meant nothing to me (I missed her at Monterey), until you carried Columbia's ads for her. Due to the attractiveness of the ad and her, I bought "Eli and the Thirteenth Confession" — WHAT A TRIP!

Besides her singing, her writing is incredible. The freeform flow of her tunes has rarely been matched—

occasionally Dylan being the closest comparison. Thanks to the untalented carcass vehicle of the Fifth Dimension, she is fast becoming the most recorded and successful female writer (Stoned Soul Picnic by the Dimension was track for track a bad copy of hers). Back to Janis — occasionally she'll throw in an extra "baby, baby", or "honey, you know I did", or "now listen to me", and you'll flash "Oh, wow, Janis! That wasn't yours at all — that was that old Tina Turner track" or "that Otis Redding thing." Nyro can use endless numbers of clichés (and she does, both lyrically and musically) and the audience flashes "Wow! That sounded heavy there."

Agreed, not everybody is ready for her yet. Strangely mixed reactions — "Tries too hard to be spade" (that's Catholic soul, baby). "The greatest album ever made." "It sucks." I myself will venture to say the greatest album by a solo artist thus far, and second to Sgt. Pepper in overall importance in pop.

Well, thanks for being the receiver of my endless rap, and thanks for printing those ads. Notice how after all this time her album is just now making the charts? I'll bet you dig having people write paragraph after paragraph in response to one sentence that bugged them.

Remember when Dylan was called "the poor-man's Ramblin' Jack Elliott"?

TOM WILSON  
 SAN FRANCISCO

### SIRS:

I was pleased to see full-page spread advertisements of two Philadelphia groups, Elizabeth and the Nazz, in your August 24 issue. However, the blandishment in inch-high black type above the Elizabeth advertisement ("Now There's a Philly Sound") sent chills down my

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## Record Industry Hits Stride of Billion Dollars

NEW YORK

Album sales accounted for 82 per cent of the total dollar volume on all record sales in 1967, according to a report by *Billboard Magazine*. During 1967, sales of singles stayed at the same level as the previous year while album sales rose 16.2 per cent.

Total sales by the record industry in 1967 were over one-billion dollars, the first time the billion-dollar mark was reached, \$1,051,000,000.00 approximately. The majority of album sales (54.1 per cent) were stereo albums, the first time stereo product has led mono sales, no doubt reflecting the phasing out of mono product by the major labels.

Singles release activity in 1967 was up 20 per cent over the previous year while album release activity rose only 15.4 per cent, making the album sales figure an even more dominant one. All told, there were 7,231 singles released in 1967 and 4,328 albums.

Between 1945 and 1955 the total business volume of the record industry was little more than \$250 million per year. In the past ten years that figure has quadrupled.

## Black Artists Finally Get Television Shows

HOLLYWOOD

After years of being offered bookings only on television variety shows, black musicians and singers finally are getting bids for their own specials.

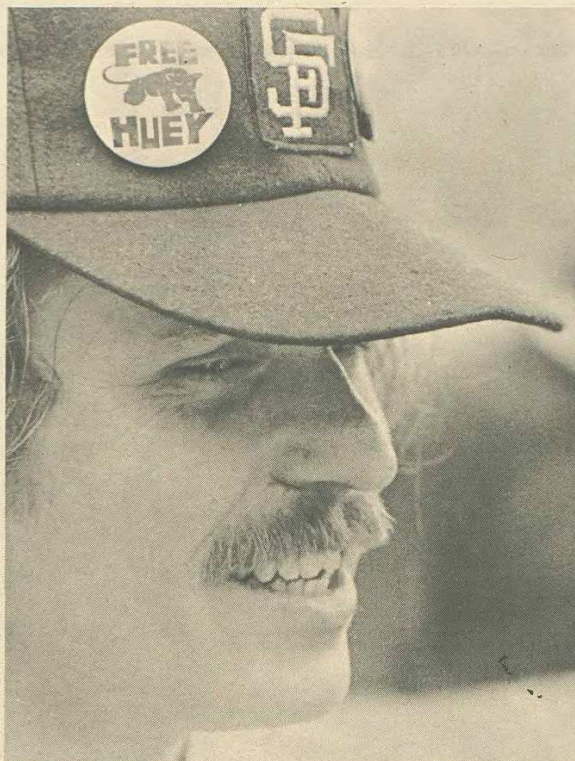
NBC is taking the lead, with three TV specials emphasizing rhythm and blues now being planned for showing during the upcoming season.

Two of the programs will be produced by George Schlatter-Ed Friendly Productions, producers of Rowan & Martin's *Laugh-In*. One of these is a black variety show, *Soul*, starring Lou Rawls, Martha Reeves and the Vandellas, George Kirby, Nipsey Russell and Redd Foxx, and is being shot as a pilot for a possible series on the network. The other is being planned in collaboration with Motown. Diana Ross and the Supremes and the Temptations will star, with the program, titled *TCB* (Taking Care of Business), scheduled for airing in December.

The third all-Negro special, *Aretha's World of Soul*, will be videotaped in January by Robert E. Peterson Productions. Peterson is a magazine publisher (*Teen*, *Surfing*, etc.).

Interestingly, some of the behind-the-camera talent also will be black in one of the shows, *Soul*, with the three writers coming from the Watts Writers Workshop.

In years past only the late Nat Cole and Sammy Davis Jr. had their own network shows, both on NBC.



Country Joe McDonald

## Country Joe Sees Viet Action

CHICAGO

Country Joe and the Fish saw a little Vietnam War action in Chicago on August 24. The enemy forces were three Vietnam vets, stewed to the gills.

The Fish were in town to play a simple, quiet gig at the Electric Circus during the Democratic Convention, and hadn't even been in any Yippie riots.

Barry Melton, Joe MacDonald and David Cohen were greeted by the three GI's as they came into their hotel lobby at two AM with derisive remarks about their hair and the like.

"Don't you like America?" one of them asked David. While he was trying to explain his political feelings about America, another of them took a swing at Barry, knocking him into an open ele-

vator. Swush! went the elevator doors, and Humm! went the elevator, on its way up for a few floors.

Meanwhile, Joe got hit on the nose, with blood, and David was thrown against a wall. The motel manager had called the police, and just as Barry came running down the stairs with a fire extinguisher that he'd found handily upstairs and started to play it around the rumpus room the speedy Chicago police were coming in the door. The servicemen beat a retreat into their yellow Stingray and got away.

Chicago has been less than a friendly city to the Fish. On another occasion they had to take abuse from nightclub patrons who were furious that their act included no go-go girls.

## Janis Leaves Brother & Co.

SAN FRANCISCO

Janis Joplin, whose powerful blues voice has blown minds from San Francisco to Newport and points inbetween, will leave Big Brother and the Holding Company in November after finishing the group's currently scheduled gigs. Big Brother will return to San Francisco to work on "new musical directions," according to a statement from the office of Albert Grossman, Big Brother's manager, and Janis will begin work with a new band not yet finally assembled.

The reason Janis and the band are going separate ways is that they "weren't growing together any more," in Janis' words. "It should be good for their heads as a band not to be dominated by a chick singer any longer, and as for me, I hope I will be able to develop further as a singer along lines I have in mind."

Janis fell in with Big Brother in June, 1966, after having sung various kinds of blues in various

kinds of folk music clubs and bars in Texas and on both Ocoasts. Big Brother was forming itself out of the musicians that used to jam at a pad run by Chet Helms of the Family Dog, eventually to become the house band at the Dog's Avalon Ballroom. Janis developed her frenzied style of delivery while with Big Brother to fit her blues singing into rock.

The result was immediate underground fame, a bad contract with a small but shrewd company, national publicity when the media discovered psychedelia, management by Albert Grossman, signing with Columbia, the status of superstar, Janis Joplin modeling freaky fashions. All along it was plain that Big Brother and the Holding Company were just playing their instruments while Janis was providing most of the stage show voltage. As predicted in *Random Notes* (Rolling Stone, September 14), Janis has left.

## Cheetah Club Blows It Again

LOS ANGELES

The Cheetah stopped running in Los Angeles in mid-August, less than two months after local dance promoters tried to rescue it from the doldrums it had sunk into as part of the New York-based chain.

The club's failure, following considerable renovation and a somewhat increased support from the community, causes many other Los Angeles club and dance hall promoters to view their own prospects dimly. Both the Kaleidoscope and Pinnacle Productions have been losing money and the Whiskey a Go Go faces a license renewal hearing in September. It is thought by some that the "night club scene" in L.A. is past.

The Cheetah had been operated in recent weeks by Bob Gibson, a publicist, and High Torr, an organization which prior to its Cheetah commitment had been staging successful dances in the Shrine Exposition Hall. When they assumed control of the huge, old Aragon Ballroom on the Venice beach they revamped the sound system, removed seventy per cent of the stainless steel, and installed a 200-degree light show.

But it seems it was too late. "I think we did the right things," said Gibson. "We booked good acts and I think the vibes were good. But Sam and Dave killed us. Steve Miller and Barry Goldberg (the final bookings) didn't do so well, either. Another 1500 people spread over the last weekend would have made the difference."

Ironically, during two recent weekends, the Los Angeles Free Press staged free concerts on the pier and beach adjacent to the Cheetah, attracting as many as 20,000 each time. The Cheetah, meanwhile, never reached its 3700 capacity.

## Talent Schedules Announced

SAN FRANCISCO

Bill Graham's Fillmore West reverts to Friday-through-Sunday scheduling in September after a summer of dances six nights a week. Chuck Berry and Steve Miller lead off on the weekend of the 5th-7th; on the 12th-14th, Big Brother and the Holding Company and Santana; 19th-21st, Albert King and Creedence Clearwater Revival.

On September 26th-28th, the bill will be topped by Super Session, being Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper, and filled out by H. P. Lovecraft, and the Loading Zone. Attractions for the first three weekends in October will be 3rd-5th, Canned Heat and Gordon Lightfoot; 10th-12th, Jimi Hendrix; 17th-19th, Iron Butterfly.

The Avalon Ballroom's September schedule will be as follows: 6th-8th, James Cotton, with Sir Douglas Quintet and other bands; 13th-15th, John Myall; 20th-22nd, Steve Miller, Muddy Waters, A. B. Skhy; 27th-29th, Flatt and Scruggs and the Sons of Champlin.



# KENSINGTON MARKET



KENSINGTON MARKET WS 1754

They assembled in Toronto, the five best rock-men in Canada...recorded in Manhattan, in a prestigious series of sessions...proving the cream of Canada to be a very heady brew.



WARNER BROS. SEVEN ARTS RECORDS, INC.



# Random Notes

The Rolling Stones are in a head-on battle with their American (and possibly their English) record company over the artwork for the cover of their next album, *Beggar's Banquet*. The front and back cover of the double-fold album is a photograph of a bathroom wall. On it, the Stones, particularly Mick, have scrawled a variety of fantastically funny things, including the album title, the name of the group (underneath the name of the group it says "God Rolls His Own"), credits, appropriate line drawings, slogans like "Wot, No Paper?" and "Music From Big Brown." That's the least of it. It is a fantastic thing, altogether, very Rolling Stones-ish and a beautiful record jacket. The photo was done by Barry Feinstein, the graphics by Tom Wilkes.

At this point, Mick is adamant that it will be the cover with no changes. But negotiations between Stones lawyer Allen Klein and London Records are still in progress and may soon end the month long delay in the album's release date.

Tapes from Los Angeles on a new group, Rhinoceros, are enough to advise you to watch out. The group has been put together by Elektra producer Paul Rothchild from musicians out of a dozen different groups, including guitarist Danny Weiss, once of the Iron Butterfly. Weiss, who doubles on piano, was at the time he was with the Iron Butterfly, one of the fastest guitarists in the West, although he didn't have much taste or control. By now, he does. Also in the group are Billy Mundi on drums, Mike Fanfara on keyboards, Jerry Penrod on Bass, Doug Hastings (formerly with Buffalo Springfield and the Daily Flash) on guitar, and Alan Gerber and John Finley, vocals. Advance word is excellent. Rhinoceros.

The Czechoslovakian International Beat Festival, scheduled for November 2-5, may not come off as planned, due to the Soviet invasion of that country. Since the Soviet Union frowns on the degenerate music of America (although little do they know that the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade has definitely discovered that the "beat" is communist-leaning), they are unlikely to let such a festival occur. Last year's Czech beat festival (whose stated aim is to "show results achieved in our country in the beat rock music field") was won by the Soul Men from Bratislava who sang an original composition—in English.

The world turns, but apparently not Don Kirshner, the man who formed the Monkees. Kirshner in association with RCA Victor is spending thousands of dollars to promote a new group (tied in with a television network comic series) called "The Archies." The tie-in is with Archie comic books, which have been mailed with the press releases, to disc jockeys, critics, etc. We expect to soon receive a sheet with some paste-on Archie freckles for the face. God forbid.

This has got to be it: Reviewing the new Big Brother record, the writer for the Berkeley Barb did a track-by-track review (Crawdaddy Magazine once called a track-by-track review a "sequential evaluation") and when the reviewer got to the second track on side one, he wiggled: "This is where Janis shows Aretha what it's all about."

Now, everyone is entitled to their own opinion, but there is a real danger with this one. One cannot help, in Janis' position, to read stuff like that. She has probably read more

ecstasy reviews by limp-dicked reviewers than anyone since the Beatles. She reads it all the time, and there will be more of it.

It's no small wonder Janis is going through a few changes: what are you supposed to make of it, reading all this fantastic stuff about yourself, wondering if it's true, then seeing more and even more of it, and wondering what the hell is going on?

Last week we incorrectly attributed the possibility of Janis leaving the band to "the current plans of her manager and her record company." According to Janis and all others involved, this is incorrect. We stand corrected.

Oh yeah, Janis says this: "I understand I'm not Aretha Franklin, but Laura Nyro is the best cook in the world." So there.

Your Mother Should Know: Warners-Reprise has signed a deal with Frank Zappa's Bizarre Productions to distribute, promote, etc., future records of the Mothers and other groups which Zappa's production company has signed. This gives Warners-Reprise a royal flush (or full house, depending on how you look at it); Frank Zappa and the Mothers, the Grateful Dead, the Fugs, The Jimi Hendrix Experience and Tiny Tim. Good Lord. More power to 'em.

A battle in the publishing world is shaping up between G. P. Putnam's Sons and McGraw-Hill over a full-length biography of the Beatles. The Beatles signed a deal with Hunter Davis to do the "authorized" biography of the group, stipulating that they, their relatives and associates, would talk to no one else but Davies. McGraw-Hill paid a \$150,000 advance on royalties to Davies for the rights to book (it sold paperback rights to Dell and book club rights to the Literary Guild, for almost enough to cover the advance), outbidding all comers, including Putnam's. So Putnam's has gotten out a "quickie" by Julian Fast, "The Beatles: The Real Story," which sells for a dollar less. Fast has never met the boys, but is a fairly intelligent cat, so we shall see.

Ashley Famous Agency has added a new booking division devoted primarily to rock and roll acts. Heading it up are Bob Bonis from GAC, Todd Schiffman from APA and Dave Gefen from William Morris. What makes this interesting is that these people, especially Bonis, are very top cats. Bonis handled the Beatles' and the Rolling Stones' United States tours and just happens to be able to handle both rock and roll groups and the local promoter, for a happy, well-booked tour.

Some news from Honolulu Lulu: Simon and Garfunkel did a concert in the Hawaiian Islands, and in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, we read this report: "Simon and Garfunkel, looking like refugees from the Haight-Ashbury, arrived yesterday. They snubbed a reporter, several photographers, two local Columbia Records dealers and about 25 fans." Apparently they refused to deal with anyone but the concert promoter, refused photographs, autographs, refused to accept the beautiful and traditional flower leis, and contact with anyone from the audience. "Singing Pair Snub Isle Fans." Aloha.

Paul McCartney was quoted in New Musical Express, an English pop paper, saying: "Starvation in India doesn't worry me one bit. Not one iota it doesn't, man. And it doesn't worry you, if you're honest. You just pose. You don't even know it exists. You've just seen the charity ads. You can't pretend to me that an ad reaches down into the depths of your soul and actually makes you feel more for these people than, for instance, you feel about getting a new car."



BARON WOLMAN

## 'THE BLUES ARE THE TRUTH' A PROFILE OF BUDDY GUY

BY BARRY GIFFORD

In 1957, Buddy Guy, still in his teens, left his home and job in New Orleans and went North, to Chicago, to play the blues. For three weeks he scrounged around the South Side trying to get a gig, trying to get someone to listen to him play. Finally someone agreed to give him a chance. After listening to Buddy play he offered him a drink.

Buddy hadn't eaten in two days and all he wanted was a meal, so the man bought him some food and then carried his amplifier and guitar down to the 708 Club and had Buddy play for the owner. He was hired for \$25 a night. That was an awful lot of money right then and Buddy didn't argue. He had made it.

He was an immediate hit and started gigging regularly around the South Side clubs, from 62nd & Cottage Grove to Sylvio's to Theresa's where he first hooked up with Junior Wells. Although he never formally became a part of Junior's band, Buddy played with Wells's group on weekends at Theresa's long enough to establish himself as the prime candidate to succeed the immortal B. B. King.

Buddy's recording career began, like so many other blues performers, at Chess Records; Leonard Chess originally signed Buddy as a soul singer not long after turning him down at his initial audition as a guitarist.

It was because of his Chess contract that Buddy never gained true recognition for his many recordings as a sideman on other labels. Either he was never mentioned on the record sleeve at all or, as on the Delmark Junior Wells series, he was listed as "Friendly Chap." Since his contract with Chess expired he's been free to use his real name, and, since signing with Vanguard, has recorded an album of his own, *A Man And The Blues*, and two with Junior Wells, for Vanguard.

Buddy's musical indoctrination came at the hands of Texas-Louisiana blues pickers Lightnin' Hopkins, Mance Lipscomb and John Lee Hooker. In fact, it's Buddy's ambition to do a solo gig with acoustic flat-top guitar, singing just country songs. He's always dug jazz as well—many of his licks are obviously jazz-influenced—and he does some Grant Green-George Benson fingering on a few of his numbers.

Since he started working regularly on the road with his own group, which includes saxophonist A. C. Reed, Jimmy's brother, Buddy has had to extend his repertoire to R&B.

"The people expect more than just the same old slow blues. We've got to give it to them," Buddy admits. So his band does "Knock On Wood" and a few Wilson Pickett and James Brown numbers.

But he's a serious blues musician, and he's written some beautiful songs. "The blues are the truth," he says. "One time a friend of mine was recording in Chicago and got so carried away he repeated the line 'Keep on lovin' me Kathy' over and over again. Kathy was his girlfriend's name. The trouble came when his wife heard the record and asked him who was he talkin' about? He didn't remember he'd ever done it but there was nothing he could do. She had him. She knew what he sang was the truth."

"When I was 18 there was a woman about 30 years old who wanted to divorce her husband and marry me. I didn't want any part of it. I told her so and wrote a song that went 'Woman, you must be crazy/ or out of your mind.' The blues is the truth. You'd better believe that what they're telling you is the truth."

Though he's still in his twenties, Buddy's had a great deal of experience. The first time B. B. King heard him play he made him come up on stage during his own set. Instead of being content to back B. B. up, Buddy upstaged him by going through all of B. B.'s original licks note for note. The crowd loved it and B. B. had nothing but praise for him. Buddy was the first one he asked to play with him during a recent date at The Showcase, an R&B Club, in Oakland.

Mostly quiet and soft-spoken off-stage, Buddy's stage appearance is one of strength and confidence. He is definitely "the leader" when performing. "I carry the band," he says, "I make them get up and go."

"Some nights I can't get anything out of them and I've just gotta keep pushin' 'em harder. But when they've got it on, there's no one can do it any better."

Buddy and his band are into the blues constantly. "We don't do any rehearsals. We just get up there and

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# ARLO GUTHRIE



As gently as possible, Arlo disassembles the known world with new tales and songs from Alice's Restaurant. Live, in living color, and to be heard with ultra-high frequency and on open mind.



ARLO Arlo Guthrie RS 6299



## Major Increase In Guinea Pig Attendance At Scene

*Continued from Page 1*  
age discotheque patron. On some days she heard up to four hours of music, on others none. Halfway through the experiment, at 44 hours, the left ear was plugged.

At the end of the three months microscope photographs were taken of the cochlea, the part of the ear that translates sound waves into nerve impulses. Cells in the plugged ear were normal. But many cells in the exposed right ear had collapsed and "shriveled up like peas," according to his report to the New York Times.

In addition to the fact that many college freshmen's hearing had shriveled up "to the level of the average 65-year old person," Dr. Lipscomb also found in a separate study conducted by testing the hearing of 3000 Knoxville public school students that the ability to hear high frequencies had been impaired in many teenagers.

His initial analysis of the data showed five percent of the 1000 sixth-graders in the study with measurable hearing loss. The proportion rose to 14 percent of the 1000 ninth-graders and 20 percent of the 1000 students in the twelfth grade.

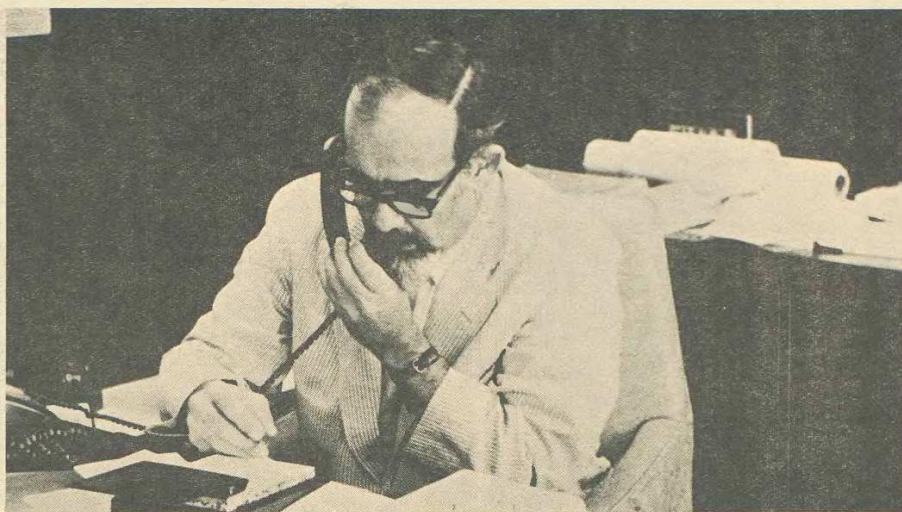
"The level of sound used by these go-go bands is far in excess of the level that industry has been concerned about for years," Dr. Lipscomb said. Studies have shown that industrial workers in factories with high noise levels suffer some hearing impairment. Unfortunately, no figures are available on hearing disability among school children before the advent of rock and roll.

There seems no doubt that rock musicians, rehearsing, jamming and playing in front of banks of amplifiers, are subject to hearing loss. The Grateful Dead report impaired hearing in the upper frequencies as a result of three years of playing at their avant-garde volumes.

The New York Times reports skepticism about the relevance of the experiment for the rock listener, however. One of the skeptics is David Robinson, who produces rock recordings for Columbia Records. "I don't know of any group that plays loud enough to hurt anybody," he told the Times. "Not in public, and certainly not on records."

Robinson criticized the guinea pig experiment as naive. "They considered the volume of the sound, but they didn't consider the volume of the guinea pig," he said. "In the same way a hamster in a sawmill might die from breathing in an amount of sawdust that wouldn't disturb a normal man at all." Calling a certain amount of temporary "ear fatigue" normal, he added, "I've been working with rock groups up to fifty hours a week, and there's been no impairment in my hearing at all."

Steve Paul, owner of The Scene was also skeptical. He was quoted in the New York Times as saying: "Should a major increase in guinea pig attendance occur at The Scene, we'll certainly bear their comfort in mind."



## WEXLER: A MAN OF DEDICATION

BY SUE C. CLARK

Jerry Wexler's dedication to his job as one of three guiding hands of Atlantic Records has led to his recognition as one of the most aware and fully informed record executives in the record industry today. His affection and respect for artists and their music is mirrored by his special rapport with them and the high esteem in which he is held by these artists.

Jerry is so highly respected as a record producer (Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Ray Charles, etc.), that the Bill Gavin Poll of disc jockeys across the country have voted him "Record Man Of The Year" for two consecutive years: 1967 and 1968. His affability is augmented by his keen business sense and the invaluable, yet indescribable ability to "feel" when a record has that "certain something," plus a fantastic sense of "timing" (the best example of which is Aretha Franklin's success on Atlantic).

Atlantic's artists who are not produced by Jerry and who seek out his opinion on their recordings know that he will speak frankly.

"I would always let them have it, exactly what I thought." This even applies to some artists who are not signed to Atlantic for whom Jerry's opinion is invaluable. Otis Redding was reportedly seeking to find a way via the Atlantic-Stax/Volt tie-in to have Jerry produce his next sessions at the time of his death last December.

"Above all I dig the Stax operation. I have tried to utilize a lot of their techniques. Our methods here which go back a dozen or 15 years, served us in good stead until the Stax thing came along, and showed us that we were sort of superannuated. We had the good fortune to form the symbiotic relationship where we could feed on each other. I just think they are fantastic. The reason I picked Stax as my first choice, is because they are the best at the kind of music that I like the most."

Jerry's most spectacular and consistent recent successes as a producer have been with Aretha Franklin. It was Jerry who selected "I Never Loved A Man" for Aretha to record at Fame Studios in Muscle Shoals, Ala.

Jerry declines having had any special foresight for Aretha.

"I had heard her sing on records, and I just thought she was fabulous, and I thought it would be nice if I would have the opportunity to record her some day. I had no intimation that she was going to have a string of Number One million-sellers, and she would upset the world. The ballads and blues she sang at Columbia were a little manicured. We just went in and started doing our soul so-called style of recording her."

Aretha herself credits Jerry's "timing," but also credits her success to the fact she and Jerry work well together. "Aretha and I select all the

songs together, spending a lot of time together. I get a song-bag together and she gets a song-bag together, and we sit down and exchange ideas and we just eliminate until we get what we need."

Jerry joined Atlantic in 1953. He had had some previous music business experience at BMI and Billboard Magazine ("I got a job there reviewing records"), and the offer came to him from Atlantic President Ahmet Ertegun, a friend from the old days of jazz record collecting—"collectors used to run in packs"—packs which also included Ahmet's brother, Nesuhi (now an Atlantic Vice-President), and Ralph J. Gleason, the noted jazz critic once with Downbeat, who has since helped and written for nearly all the new musical publications since then (currently Rolling Stone).

"We were as many as six partners at one time," recalls Jerry about the people who were in on the early progress of the small R&B label at various times, "but now we're down to three. It's a very happy relationship."

Jerry credits Ahmet Ertegun in helping him to get his feet wet producing Ray Charles' first sessions. Ray's contract was purchased from a small California company, Swingtime, for "the princely sum of \$2,000." Jerry disclaims any influence on Ray's recordings, stating: "Recording Ray Charles is like putting a meter on fresh air—ain't nothin' to it—just open up the pots. It was very instructive." However, the real key to Ray's success in Jerry's eyes was "when he formulated his own permanent band." When this happened, Ray called Atlantic one day from Atlanta, Ga., suggesting that they come down and record him.

"So we went to a place called the Royal Peacock Club. It was all there: complete, born—mop! There it was—playing 'I Got A Woman,' the whole new Ray Charles thing. He had the band sitting there, we walked in, and he said, 'Okay, count off, 1, 2, 3' and they started to play all these songs... the full-blown Ray Charles style that we know. There were just barely intimations of this until this point."

"The amazing thing was that we went into a radio studio to make the records; there were no recording studios in Atlanta then. It was real old equipment; a radio engineer; and we had to stop every half hour or so while they gave the news because the control room was where they were broadcasting the news! I remember, it was three hours and we couldn't get a balance. We didn't record note one. But we got 'I Got A Woman,' 'Come Back Baby' and 'Greenbacks' on that first session."

At first glance Jerry looks like a record executive stereotype, with slightly greying black hair, mustache and goatee, and black-rimmed glasses (which he is constantly exchanging, and peering over the top of), but a closer look at his "mod" dress (tur-

tle-neck sweater/shirts with his jackets) and his distinct New York accent (Washington Heights) laced with musicians' slang, and there's no mistaking that the man you're talking to is the head of Atlantic's A&R.

Jerry's current busy schedule is not so busy that he doesn't have time to observe, comment on and sometimes bitch about various music-industry sidelines. One is the "Rhythm and Blues" category of the NARAS (National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) Grammy Awards. He feels that they are simply misguided about selections to be voted on:

"The Grammy tastemakers—they voted certain artists in who happen to be black artists, who have nothing to do with Rhythm and Blues; I don't want to mention any names, but there's been some tragic miscarriages of justice. I'm not pleading my case: I think it would be very fair if James Brown would win the award quite often, as well as a Wilson Pickett, a Joe Tex or an Otis Redding."

Having worked so closely with black artists, Jerry has very pronounced opinions on the relation of soul music and rock, and the controversy about whether any white musician can sing real blues.

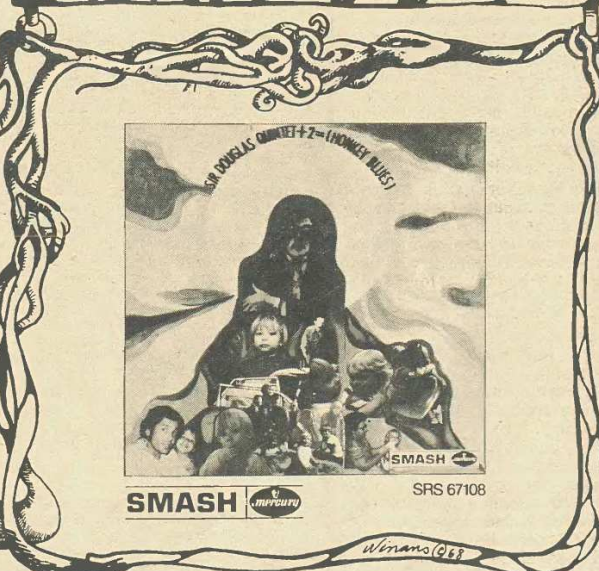
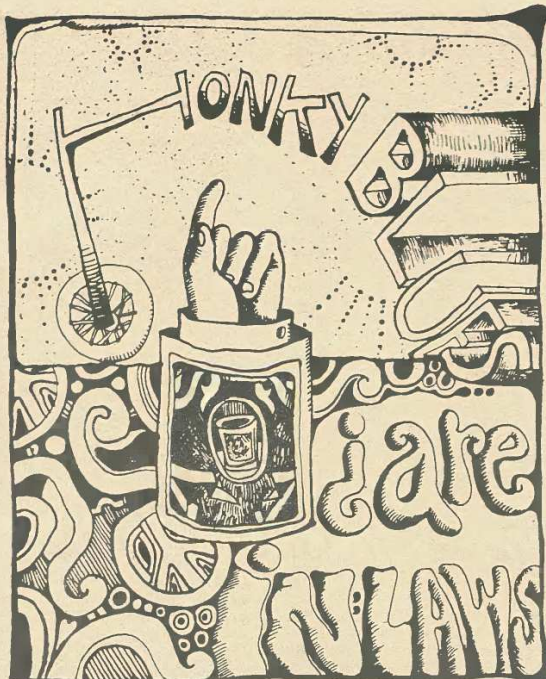
"It's a very simple controversy: Stevie Winwood—period. The only person who seems to exhibit that quality for real is Stevie Winwood. I think the problem is the critics, the young rock critics of today who rather exemplify the taste of the young teeny-boppers for whom they're writing, and who are more concerned with the cultural trappings and the attitudinizing of these people than with the music. There was an article in The New Republic with the headline 'Eyes of Blue, Ears of Tin.'"

"Somehow there has been a body of alleged reviewing in which a lot of youngsters become intoxicated with the sound of their own prose. And in which there is very little to do with the music. In the same way that Jimi Hendrix has no need to poke the neck of his guitar through an amplifier, these people—'cause Jimi Hendrix has something very real to offer musically—these people, are seduced, their eye is taken off the ball. They're led away from the nitty gritty, and they never do get tuned into the music. Therefore I would like to know by what right these 'eyes of blue, ears of tin' have the right to criticize or canonize, or fault or praise anybody from Mike Bloomfield to Eric Clapton on to Albert King? Some of them admitted to me they can't even hear the music. They haven't heard it. They haven't been prepared for it, either in life exposure or musical exposure, and the whole thing becomes a big, bloody fraud."

"One of my pet peeves is this noxious hippy use of this word 'Spade.' It's just disgusting to me the way

—Continued on Next Page







# GEO. WALLACE: THE TRULY AMERICAN CANDIDATE

—Continued from Page 1

as subject to disbelief as everything else about him. Where this disbelief took very sharp focus was on the candidacy of Bobby Kennedy. It was said many times that during his campaign, what he never understood was the defection of youth from him to McCarthy. But he fundamentally misjudged youth, all the more surprising because he was supposed to be youth's candidate.

What youth demanded, and what Eugene McCarthy of all people gave them, was honesty, not that he appeared youthful, because of all the candidates, he had the most elderly looks. It just happened to be amazing to hear a man, who dealt in realities and eschewed bullshit. If he didn't know what to say, he said just that. If he felt patronized or intellectually offended by a questioner, he showed just that reaction. If he felt like dumping J. Edgar Hoover, he said it.

Perhaps it was just by contrast, but McCarthy seemed the cat whom could be trusted to take care of things. From the beginning to the end of the campaign, he was honest and tasteful and did not once fall to the pressures of political pretense, including the mandatory speech in Watts with James Brown and/or Diana Ross and/or Roosevelt Grier by his side.

Not once did the myopic and in-offensive commentators of the newspapers or the television ever investigate why McCarthy had such support among the young. They reported it in an almost deprecatory fashion, but never stopped to ask why, almost as if they were afraid to.

And we have seen McCarthy and his supporters on television or in the papers at Chicago, working against certain defeat because they were not in it for the game ("must play by the rules of the game," Adlai Stevenson was quoted as saying just before his death, by Esquire Magazine), but for getting something done.

It is not often enough that we see a man of the courage of Fullbright or McCarthy, who are significant enough, in their right and their opposition to Lyndon Johnson, to face the very real possibility of political assassination, whether by television or a sub rosa arm of the established government.

And what are the implications of the McCarthy candidacy? An old man, capturing the spirit of youth. Eh? What can be said about that?

A psychological analysis would point to the rapprochement of maturity between father and son. And that's what it certainly looks like, because McCarthy wasn't smoking pot or propagandizing through the Underground Press. What exactly is this amorphous thing called youth? Is it that clean cut crew of McCarthy activists who went door to door through a madras patterned spring, and went from state to state through a mustachioed summer and burned in Chicago in a bearded fall? Is it the scarred and beaten phalanxes of newly-hipped political radicals led by Jerry Rubin and others "born too late" but full of notions and plans for youth?

The left wing of politics is a completely frustrating and pointless exercise of campus politics in a grown-up world. Everyone seems so ready to fault and scorn their fellow self-proclaimed "revolutionaries" for ideological infidelity and deviationism. The continuing low drama of the Peace and Freedom Party is perfect evidence of this self-indulgent farce. They understand "youth" as little as any one, though most desperately in hopes of ending up the leaders of the fantastic army of the street.

Symptomatic of the demons of the new left is their hatred of Hubert Humphrey. A hatred of Lyndon Johnson can be well understood: John-

son is an evil man; his attempts of benignity on television made him out to be even more of the fox in sheep's clothing. But Hubert Humphrey—he has sold his soul to the devil, and he has happily and merrily committed himself to the politics of murder abroad and slaughter at home,—is still a figure of pathos. As much as he now, and even then, symbolized the activity of Lyndon Johnson, Humphrey is not Lyndon Johnson, he is a sadly dying hulk of a man, one against whom anger cannot be righteously directed. Richard Nixon has changed from an evil man to an ignorant man, but Humphrey is just a deluded and lost human being.

There is an enemy, but it's not Hubert Humphrey. And this, in a nutshell, is the "new" left.

As increasingly dangerous and hazardous as the political system is, with its capability of murder in four corners of the globe and its potential for the destruction of mankind, it has become increasingly irrelevant.

## 'IN THEIR ZEALOUS SEARCH FOR YOUTH DELEGATES WERE BEATEN AND IGNORED'

BY HERB WILLIAMSON

CHICAGO

Chicago is a seamy, sweltering city on the edge of Lake Michigan, in the middle of America, a city with little class and a lot of caste, where three-plus million middle-of-Americans live.

Chicago is a hostile, crummy town in brown. Brown brick buildings, rock homes, brown tinted skyscrapers, home of stockyards, spectacularly good architecture, spectacularly bad architecture—the new John Hancock Building—home of a million pieces that don't fit, can't fit, and never will fit.

Chicago, where the thousands from the Mobilization Committee, the "McCarthy kids"—the Young Republicans of the left, the Yippies—which doesn't spell Youth International Party—delegates, reporters, cameramen, candidates, police, national guardsmen, flotsam and bosses all came for, ostensibly, the same purpose: the orderly and democratic pursuit of liberty and justice.

They didn't fit. In no way could they have fitted.

It was all predictable, but people weren't going to understand until they saw it. And that was the purpose of it all. Let them see it. Let television's tens of millions of viewers see it; let the Democrats thousands of delegates and alternates see it. And then, if they still wish to bury it in the never used valley of their minds, they will honestly be able to say that that they haven't seen it.

The young finally realized that it didn't make any difference if they were clean cut, blazer clad, closely cropped, or long haired, or non-violent, or militant confrontationists, or well fed or hungry, or black, or even delegates.

If you were young, you were guilty, liable for arrest, liable for beatings.

And youth, with only its age and music in common, will probably continue to lack unity, just as the Left has always lacked it.

But then, what are they to unify behind? They can no longer unite to seek a "democratic alternative," for if no other lesson comes down from the Chicago affair, youths were, once and for all, told that there is no place for them within the present political system. And, if they persisted, they would be arrested, they would be beaten.

Where else but Chicago could this all have happened? Really, almost any place. But for Chicago it was a natural.

Walk in any area of Chicago and every passing police car slows and busy eyes look you up and down. You soon become neurotic about it.

A change in the overall structure is overdue, but it doesn't seem possible to come within the existing political system.

Youth, the orator's "best hope of the nation," and the only viability and vitality left in this system, is apparently to be excluded, despite their desire to be counted in. At the Republican convention, the "hatred of youth"—in the phrase of John Kenneth Galbraith—wasn't made clear, because youth has been systematically excluded from the Republican party, willfully or not, for the past ten years. But in Chicago, McCarthy—despite everyone's plans to the contrary—brought them with him. And so it had to come out, and come out it did.

The country appears headed towards a civil war. In addition to the North-South polarization of the last civil war, which has re-emerged this year stronger than ever, youth and the paunching, 40-year-old "men of responsibility" are polarized and pitched for battle. Almost as if one,

the two political parties have taken a stand against youth. Sooner or later they will have to face the rock and roll army. Whether it will be a peaceful one or a scene out of Anthony Burgess' *Clockwork Orange*, is what's up in the air.

The political system seems to offer no alternative. McCarthy himself was ready to withdraw his name and flee Chicago in recognition of the hopelessness of the attempt. The "New Left" can't seem to get it together. Like all the movements of the old left, like Hamlet, they are caught between honor and action and cannot come up with either. And the political system is already becoming the property of the Wallaces, the Daleys and the Nixons, because they truly understand how to use it.

In fact, in this year, Wallace is the truly American candidate. It's just a question of whether "Americans are ready," and signs seem to say that they are readier than ever.

Several days before the convention began one youth, dressed ordinarily, about twenty-three years old, was approached by two Chicago policemen. "You are under arrest," they told him. "What for," he asked. He had been standing at a downtown street corner, by himself. "Are you giving

"They didn't fit.

In no way could they have fitted.

If you were young, you were guilty, liable for arrest, liable for beatings."

us trouble?" one cop asked. "No. But I haven't done anything, what are you arresting me for?" "We don't know yet, but we'll figure something out on the way to the station."

Buy a cup of coffee or a pack of cigarettes in Chicago and they are begrudgingly sold to you. Unfriendly eyes seem to say, "Okay, I'll sell

them to you, but don't give me any crap."

Hail a Chicago cab and the cabbie is just as likely to speed by you, an inch or more from your trouser legs.

Where else but Chicago could this all have happened? Almost any place. Chicago was just the first to receive prime television time.

Yet youth had made a strong position for itself. They had rallied behind a candidate who was certainly part of the system, Eugene McCarthy, and had carried primary after primary. Their McCarthy became a strong candidate, campaigning against the draft system that would conscript then, campaigning against the Vietnam War which would threaten theirs, not their parents', lives, campaigning against the more real causes of crime. And, McCarthy represented legitimacy. He was essentially a moderate, moderate enough for their parents to understand, moderate enough for the press to take seriously, moderate enough to be acceptable to the politicians.

And McCarthy was almost contemptuously thrown back to his youth. His popular support was virtually disregarded, his campaign headquarters were invaded by police in their zealous search for youth, his delegates were imprisoned, beaten, ignored.

The young seem left with no alternatives. They cannot accept the three nominated candidates. The talked of fourth party which Markus Raskin is starting is certainly doomed to absolute failure this year.

And the rest of the world, pre-Chicago, pre-Prague, pre-lots of things once almost reinable, will go spinning off God knows where.

## A Well Respected Man

—Continued from Preceding Page  
they cavalierly throw it around in print in EVO, in the Village Voice, in the Village Voice, and there's some, there are a lot of people who are guilty who should know better. I don't think that this world is sanctified, accepted or condoned by any Negro people. I think that our friends are working under some sort of misconception here, and I think a strong effort should be made to get it at least out of the prints, to get it out of the mouths of the critics and writers for the 'underground newspapers,' and it's a noxious term, as bad as that other bad word, as far as I'm concerned. The thing that angers me, is the certitude and the self-righteousness with which the hippies use it, as though they're privy to some estoteric knowledge to which the square world doesn't know

about. Well, it's square as could be, which is the case with so many of the things about the hippies. It's a manifestation of their crashing squareness."

Although Jerry leads a super-hectic life at the office—phone constantly ringing; conference with artists as well as with his partners; auditions, and all the other chores of a music executive—his attention to what might be considered the smallest detail has paid off in countless ways. His family has willingly come to accept the fact that his day doesn't necessarily end at the office since his home telephone number is listed in the phone book in case any artists, disc jockeys or music business associates might not have been able to catch up with him at the office.





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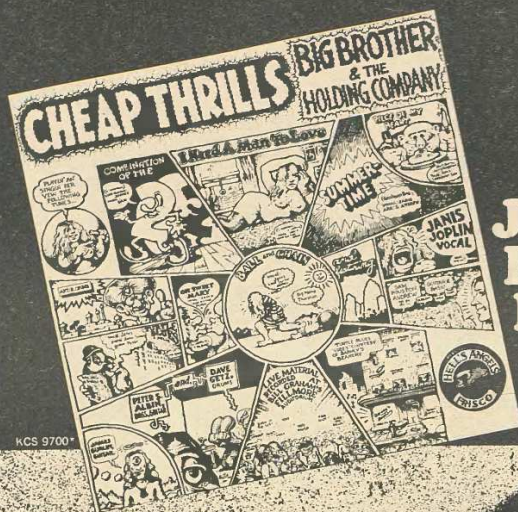
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## The Rolling Stone Interview: Pete Townshend

*This is the conclusion of the Rolling Stone Interview with Pete Townshend, guitarist, composer and leader of the Who. In the first part of the interview he spoke of his guitar smashing techniques, why he does it, the mod revolution in England and narrated the story of his next record, an opera titled Deaf, Dumb and Blind Boy.*

*The interview was conducted by Jann Wenner one night after the Who's recent appearance at the Fillmore West.*

*The subject again returns to rock and roll in general, as the questions and answers meander in and out from his personal life to his public life. It always gets back to the main theme: what is it? "It concerns far more than 20-year-olds. It's lasted too long," says Townshend, "it concerns everybody now."*

*You talked about maturing and settling down. How has this affected you?*

It gives me a far more logical time aspect on the group. I'm not as frantically working as I used to. I always used to work with the thought in my mind that The Who were gonna last precisely another two minutes. If the tax man didn't get us, then our own personality clashes would. I never would have believed that The Who would still be together today and, of course, I'm delighted and love it. Nothing can be better really than waking up in the morning and everything is still the same as it was the day before. That's the best thing you can have in life, consistency of some kind.

It always amazes me. As an individual, it's given me an incredible freedom and all. I know that I don't have to do things like I used to. Our manager will create artificial pressures to try and get me to operate, but I know they are artificial so they don't work like they used to. "My Generation" was written under pressure, someone came to me and said, "Make a statement, make a statement, make a statement, make a statement," and I'm going "Oh, okay, okay, okay," and I get "My Generation" together very quickly, like in a night—it feels like that. It's a very blustering kind

of blurring thing. A lot of our early records were. "I Can't Explain" was a blurter and a bluster, and "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere," which was our second record, was just a brag, like, you know, nothing more. "Substitute" was a take off on Mick Jagger or something equally banal.

The whole structure of our early songs was very, very simple. Now, with less pressure, I have to create the pressures for myself. I have to excite myself by myself. I have to say this is what we're going to do, this is what you mustn't do, this is what The Who are going to do, this is what you've got to get The Who to do, this is what you've got to ask The Who to do for you. You set yourself these pressures so that now the important thing is that The Who are the impetus behind the ideas rather than the pressure of pop music being the impetus behind the ideas and not even the ideas. The fact was that pressure was the impetus behind the music that we used to play, whereas now our music is far more realistically geared to the time in which our audience moves.

Pop audiences and pop musicians are geared to different time structures, they lead different lives entirely. They say it's very difficult to go and see a group and feel totally in with what they're doing because they're on a different time trip. They are doing one gig out of a hundred gigs, whereas to the fan this is a very important occasion, like this is the only chance he's gonna get to see, say The Cream and never again in his life.

For the group, it's another gig, and they're going to be on the road in another ten minutes, and the fan is going to catch a section of something which as a whole is a complicated network to them. This is important to us in our compositions. The point is not to belittle each thing. It's all very well to say, "Oh well, it's good to have the pressure because it's the pressure that makes the music move and wild and groovy," but the music becomes thrown out, tossed out ideas which aren't really good. They are as much as you can give out. They are not a hundred per cent.

If you slow down just a little bit

and gear yourself to your audience you can give them one hundred per cent. If you do a slightly longer set on the stage you can give all instead of having to cram a lot of unused energy into guitar smashing, for example. Unchanneled energy or misdirected energy is incredible in pop music, incredible. Like the Beatles know how to channel their fucking energy. I'm convinced that there's not a lot actually coming out, it's just that we get all of it. We get a hundred per cent Beatles album. We don't get any halves, they know that they are in a position and they've got it together and they do.

*What groups do you enjoy the most?*

It's difficult to say. I always forget the groups that I really dig. I like to watch a band with a punch, with drive, who know what they're doing, with a tight sound. I used to like to watch Jimi Hendrix; sometimes he worries me now because he often gets amplifier hangups and stuff. I can't stand that, it kills me. I used to like to watch Cream until they got sad, and fucked up. I still dig to watch a group like the Young Rascals, who just walk on with their incredibly perfect sound and their lovely organ and they're so easy, the way their numbers flow out, just to watch a group stand and go through their thing so beautifully. I dig that. I dig a guy like Otis Redding and Aretha Franklin. She's been standing still and singing the blues all night and then when she's really into it she'll do a tiny little dance and just get her little feet going, very slightly; just a little jog, and in terms of what she's doing with her voice, it's an incredible gesture and really goes mad. I dig Mick Jagger, who I think is an incredible show, and Arthur Brown I think is an incredible show, too. What I dig in a performance, in an event, is essentially to be communicated to, to feel part of an audience. I always feel like an audience because I am an audience if I am watching anything, but I like to feel alongside the other members of things, I like to feel a part of the audience; I like to feel that I'm being effective as a member of the audience. I don't mind being asked to

clap my fucking hands, let's get that straight. I like to clap my hands and it doesn't get me uptight if someone says clap or sing or shout or scream or do what you want to do. That's exactly what I want to do and if I feel like jumping up and down and dancing, I don't want everyone telling me that I'm bringing them down or that they can't listen to the music or something. People should be an audience and if it's time to get up and dance-time, everybody should do it at the same time.

This happened when Otis Redding appeared, that's what happened. When he wanted them to sit down he said "And now we're going to play a soulful tune," and sang in a soulful way and was dead still and when he wanted them to get up and dance he said, "Come on clap your hands, get up and dance," and they did, man, grooved right along with him.

When you're listening to Ravi Shankar, you know what you've got to do. When you're in The Who's audience, you know—I like to know where I am. I like to go and see a group and know what my role is. I like to know whether or not I'm supposed to listen attentively, whether I'm supposed to groove, whether I'm supposed to do anything constructive, whether I'm invited up to jam or what. I like to know where I'm at. It's usually the most professional groups that give you this feeling.

*The performers that you mentioned and that we have touched on from time to time all have tremendous sensuality: Aretha Franklin, Otis Redding, Mick Jagger, Jimi Hendrix, The Who. All of them are tremendously physical, tremendously sensual, tremendously involved with very sexual things. Does this characterize rock and roll?*

It must! It must, I mean, it does. Period. It embodies it, it's part of its life. Life revolves, if not around it, within it, if not within it, without it, but definitely along with it. Something about rock and roll has to do with sex and everything to do with sex like becoming together and the parting and this kind of thing. The whole thing about pulling a chick





and then waving goodbye and about. The whole process of sex is embodied in just the rock and roll rhythm — like gospel music or like native chants or something. Just banging the table is like it's the demand and it's also the satiation as well. You bang on the table and in the same process you masturbate, you know. At the end of the show you're finished, you know, you've had it. You've come your lot and the show's over.

"Rock me baby until my back ain't got no bone." That is the line. Man it's such a funny line, I can never believe it. I imagine some very skinny, wizened, old Negro blues singer singing that in a very frail old voice: "Rock me baby, 'til my back ain't got no bone."

Did you read the thing in Rolling Stone with Booker T. & the M.G.'s?

Fantastic. It was in such a relaxing and realistic manner. It was very nice. Being such a huge fan of Steve Cropper, I expected the first article about him that I ever saw to be incredible: "It's going to be incredible; here he's been all your life, folks, on your Otis Redding albums, on your Booker T. specials. Here he's been, Steve Cropper, hiding from you, the most incredible guitarist in history."

This is how I imagined the thing was going to go. And of course it goes, "When I first played the guitar I used to use quite heavy strings..." and it's kind of very basic interview about how they got the ideas together for "Knock On Wood."

This is how they were when I met them. They were straight and they were beautiful. I went up to Booker T.—I'd really like to see this in print—I went up to Booker T., who was my absolute idol, my absolute (he was my top man, the group, no music gives me as much pleasure as listening to Booker T., like "Green Onions") is my ultimate record of all time, practically and the guitar work is so tasteful; it's everything that I want to do; I went up to Booker T. and I said, "Hey, I'm a big fan of yours, it's really good to meet you" and he said, "Oh thank you. What is your name?" and I said "Pete Townshend" and he said "Pete Townshend," and he put his finger in a kind of a slanted position and made a very thoughtful face and said "I must remember that," and just walked off.

And I thought "he will remember my name." I laughed like a little

teeny bopper. I couldn't believe it and I suddenly figured later on, that I was running round that guy like a child and he just treated me like, the way I treat a teeny bopper fan and yet I heard at a later date that they just never, never, never got that kind of treatment. They never had anyone run up to them and freak out in front of them, let alone a 22-year old man come up and start frothing all over them. They just didn't know what was happening. And of course he took it absolutely, perfectly straight. He was soulful and very gentlemanly about it and that was the whole situation. This was a most peculiar situation and he was approaching it sanely, steadily, coolly and politely.

They're so soulful without knowing it. It's the truth, it's the truth. They are playing exactly the right things. They are playing them straight and they are playing them off-the-cuff, as they come, the sounds which appeal to them and the sounds which go down with them, things which they groove to, things which they think other people will groove to, too.

They just happen to be totally right.

They don't know this, because nobody expects to be totally right. We're not as straight as they are—we try, but we're not half as right as they are. And they're so straight and they communicate. They know that they're in a group to blow people's minds and everybody wants to get through to people, to do things for them. But they don't realize they're doing it because they can't see it in their own music, but they're always trying.

I forget if I read this or whether it is something Glyn Johns told me: You and the group came out of this rough tough area, were very restless and had this thing: you were going to show everybody, you were a kid with a big nose and you were going to make all these people love it, love your big nose.

That was probably a mixture of what Glyn told you and an article I wrote. In fact Glyn was exactly the kind of person I wanted to show. Glyn used to be one of the people who, right when I walked in, he'd be on the stage singing. I'd walk in because I dug his group. I'd often go to see him, and he would announce through the microphone,

"Look at that bloke in the audience with that huge nose" and of course the whole audience would turn around and look at me, and that would be acknowledgement from Glyn.

When I was in school the geezers that were snappy dressers and got chicks like years before I ever even thought they existed, would always like to talk about my nose. This seemed to be the biggest thing in my life: my fucking nose, man. Whenever my dad got drunk, he'd come up to me and say, "Look son, you know looks aren't everything" and shit like this. He's getting drunk and he's ashamed of me because I've got a huge nose and he's trying to make me feel good. I know it's huge and of course it became incredible and I became an enemy of society. I had to get over this thing. I've done it, and I never believe it to this day, but I do not think about my nose any more. And if I had said this when I was a kid, if I ever said to myself "One of these days you'll go through a whole day without once thinking that your nose is the biggest in the world, man"—you know, I'd have laughed.

It was huge. At that time, it was the reason I did everything. It's the reason I played the guitar—because of my nose. The reason I wrote songs was because of my nose, everything, so much. I eventually admitted something in an article where I summed it up far more logically in terms of what I do today. I said that what I wanted to do was distract attention from my nose to my body and make people look at my body, instead of at my face—turn my body into a machine. But by the time I was into visual things like that anyway, I'd forgotten all about my nose and a big ego trip and I thought, well if I've got a big nose, it's a groove and it's the greatest thing that can happen because, I don't know, it's like a lighthouse or something. The whole trip had changed by then anyway.

What is interesting is the fact that it was me versus society, until I could convince them that there was more to me than what they thought.

Now it's incredible to think about it. But it's a very funny story, and it always makes me laugh at my parents, my father particularly. He was in a band whose leader was much richer than him, and the leader had shows of his own and a lovely house

and my dad still rents a house, never had a house of his own.

The leader of my dad's band was always a bit of a red herring to my dad: they both started together and went to the same school and all this and he used to say—and this guy, the leader of the band, happened to have a huge nose, absolutely huge. "Look at Ronny, look at Ronny; he's the leader of a famous orchestra; he's got a beautiful wife, a beautiful house, a lovely car. What more can you want? He makes music all his life, he's a respected man. What more can you want in life? He's got a huge nose, Peter."

I mean, I used to be completely speechless, of course that's what I'm gonna have: I'm gonna have a huge car, a beautiful wife and all these things. And I have! It's so much like a fucking fairy tale in many ways. When I first told the story, I just had to tell it a different way, I just had to say something about how I got hung up on my nose, and so I swung my arm around or something. The real truth is this. And it happens to be a very good story.

What is your life like today?

Mainly laughs actually, mainly laughs. The Who on tour is a very difficult trip; it's a delicate one and it could be dangerous. So it's best to keep this on the humorous side. If we take this situation seriously, we tend to feedback. Like one person gets a slight down and the rest of us get a slight down and so we have to keep spirits up even if it's false. —Continued from Preceding Page

even if it's jokes that aren't funny, just in order to get someone to laugh. This is what it's all about to me now. This is not that the whole life is a false joke, but life is fun and it's fun because we make it fun. Playing is enjoyable because we make it enjoyable. We're experienced at enjoying life as it is for us now. Whether we do a bad show to a bad audience or a good show to a good audience or whether we can't make the gig or whether we can make the gig or whether we play on someone else's amplifiers or whether our clothes didn't come from the cleaners or whether we've just heard that our whole families have been wiped out in a car crash. We still know how to enjoy life.

That's the most incredible thing about being able to go on stage and

—Continued on Next Page





forget. Some people say to be a performer what you got to do is to go on the stage and be able to have that technique of being able to forget all your troubles and go up there and smile. It's a privilege, man, to be able to do that—when you're down, to be able to go on the stage and forget and elevate yourself back to what it's all about, to basic simple communication. To not get hung-up in your own pathetic little scenes that you're hung-up in, but rather into a very pure thing which at the time is real and pure and very simple and uncomplicated. And it is an honor for someone who is on a fucked-up trip to be able to get on a stage and do something simple and basic and honest and good.

To put it in my own terms, I think that people who are known as entertainers or gifted performers are just damn lucky to have the chance. It's a perfect way of enjoying life, when you're on the stage. Nothing, nothing goes wrong. Life is just heaven on the stage. "Life is heaven on stage with The Who"—that would be true actually.

How is it to be a rock and roll star, people coming on all the time, people that want to say their trip on you?

It can be a big drag, man. One of the hangups is that people want to be normal and if they want to be normal, they won't be themselves. You can sense it. You can sense professional groups because they're at ease. Me, personally, I don't want to know about them, anyway. They're always very relaxed, a professional group because they know that you want them to be relaxed.

It's the kids mostly and the inexperienced people that have preconceptions about you, that have read articles by you or seen what you've said or what you've written and put weight on your words which isn't there or which is there maybe. But they expect it followed up when they meet you, and things like this.

Pre-loaded, preemphatic meetings, incredible things where suddenly... Like tonight, when I walk out of an auditorium and there's a thousand kids left in the place and one of them turns around and says "Hey, you're Peter Townshend," and sticks out his fucking hand and gets hold of my hand so tight that I know I'm not going to get away. He obviously knows exactly who I am, but I don't know who he is. But he knows me and everything about me. It's a weird feeling. I have to suit out whether or not he's being straight with me. I know that I'm being straight with him. How do I know whether he's in good form?

I had an incredible conversation once with Paul McCartney. The difference between the way Lennon and

McCartney behave with the people that are around them is incredible. What Lennon does is he sits down, immediately acknowledges the fact that he's John Lennon and that everything for the rest of the night is going to revolve around him. He completely relaxes and let's everybody feel at ease and just speaks dribble little jokes, little rubbish like he's got. In his own Write and little things. Like he'll start to dribble on and get stoned and do silly things and generally have a good time. Of course everybody gets into his thing and also has a generally good time. But Paul McCartney worries. He wants a genuine conversation, a genuine relationship, starting off from square one: "We've got to get it straight that we both know where we're both at before we begin." One of them is fucking Paul McCartney, a Beatle, the other one is me, a huge monumental Beatle fan who still gets a kick out of sitting and talking to Paul McCartney. And he's starting to tell me that he digs me and that we're on an even par so that we can begin the conversation which completely makes me even a bigger fan. That's all it serves to do. The conversation comes to no purpose and all he serves to do is to confuse himself. He's trying to say, "Oh, you know, you know where you're at, I know where I'm at, we're both really just us and let's talk." So what do you say? "I'm a fantastic fan of yours, man." He really tries to get it together often and you've got to relax, you've got to take people...

Can you break it down in some body? If you see it happening in somebody can you break it down?

Sometimes. If you just blatantly snap people out of it and say, "Look man, no need to put on a phony English accent for me," because you know the best thing to say is "It gets me uptight." On the other hand you say to yourself, "Well, okay the guy's putting on a phony English accent, he thinks it's cool, he's on a new trip." He may be pretending, but in a minute it's going to be really the conversation is going to be under way and it's going to be no joke and he'll probably drop the accent in a minute and they often do. It's not that every kid that comes up to me tries to talk in an English accent.

It's just one of the things, the uncertainty you get from a lot of kids. They don't know what you're all about, their first words are test questions. Questions they know the answers to. Questions they've read the answers to a million times in every fucking god-forsaken paper in the world, they've seen it. Why do you break the guitar? They know why. "Do you really break them?" They

know. "What were the words to that?" They know the fucking words. "What's your latest record?" They already read it. Test questions to see if you're really interested in knowing anything about them, in telling them anything, in performing any kind of service outside of performing on the stage.

You can very quickly manipulate them down to a very logical, straightforward conversation until eventually they would be quite demanding, and even take a dominant role. I've often ended up in conversations with people who, if my first words to them were "Fuck off, I don't want to talk to any little creep like you," they would have gone. But in fact, because I sat down and talked to them, they ended up telling me that I'm a fool and an idiot and they're going to go and get a coke. This can happen. It just depends on the way the conversation goes or what you talk about or what their main aim is. If they want talk, then you can talk, if you've got the time or the energy.

What kind of people do you like? The breed of people that I like the most—ignoring the people I don't like the most—people I like the most around me, in music, are the ones from whom I get what I would call a "Positive Assistance vibration," as though you were getting some kind of positive buzz from somebody. It's very negative concept, but it is the difference between someone having a role in what you're doing and being there as an ornament or as an object of the performance or as a result of an engagement or something, rather than people who have a purpose.

There's got to be a purpose behind everything. In pop, the purpose is the whole thing, the whole thing with the people, people in the industry and everything unified and coming together and working together in one form towards one direction and everything. It's got to eliminate all the shit. What I'm trying to avoid saying is the fact that the whole problem with the groups is that they're supposed to be playing a part in the role of pop music. But they're not. It's not just the group they're riding along with, they're riding along with pop itself.

The audience out there, on the other hand, are playing a part. And we're playing a part because we're the fucking group they're playing a part because they're writing an article about it. But they seem to have no role at all and I can never understand it. How can anyone be content to just sit at the parasites of the glory, parasites of the bores, parasites of the grass, parasites of the lust, you know and everything.

They're just total parasites and I couldn't dig it. I couldn't get into it. I could never understand them. They're a breed apart from me. Once a fucking group gets together and does something constructive, then I'm back with 'em again. Does everybody have to have a purpose for this meeting and this conversation? Is there no coincidence? Oh, shit no. The positive relationships are going to manifest themselves as positive relationships. And the ones which are destined to be fruitless, I'm not going to even embark on that kind. That's the way I go. If I think something isn't going to come together or isn't going to make any kind of buzz, any explosion at all, I don't bother.

I'm not a total believer, to be quite honest, in the "world turns and everything comes together." I think the world turns if you turn it and that if you don't turn it it's going to fucking sit there, and you can wait for eons, you can wait for eons for judgement day and it's never going to come. You've got to get to it yourself. And it's the same thing with relationships. You've got to sort out the ones which are going to be fruitful to you and to the other parties involved, and you get to enjoy them and make the most of them and get something out of them.

There's a whole lot of people that just do that. I don't need to be entertained. What I need and what I think everybody needs to be able to forget about the entertainment; for the entertainment to be so choice and so unique and so perfect that one could completely forget about it. Actually get on with the living. To be entertained is just to live, to be entertained is just to look at life around one.

The act of entertainment is a peculiar thing. It's certainly not peculiar to life. Life is entertainment and the gesture of entertainment is something which should be realistic and natural, an unnatural forced relationship, of any kind, or any kind of non-productive relationship, one which hasn't got a purpose, becomes non-entertaining to me.

What is going to happen to rock and roll?

I'm looking to a couple of people. I've heard some of the Rolling Stones' tracks and although I dig them, I don't think they're anything more than what they are which is incredible, delicious and wonderful rock and roll and well overdue from them. The Rolling Stones should always be a nonprophetic group. I don't think that the Rolling Stones should be concerned with what they're doing in pop. That's what I dig about them. Dylan for example, could create a new thing. I think if he made his

next record with the Big Pink that could be interesting. That might create some new things in rock and roll. Dylan's thing about writing the lyrics and then picking the guitar up and just pumping out the song as it comes out, is a direct guide to what will happen in music.

People are going to want music to be more realistic, more honest, and more of a gift from the heart rather than a gift from the lungs, as it were. Instead of wanting to go and watch Ginger Baker run six miles before your very eyes, you'd rather dig what he's doing. I think this is what's happening.

It's going to be the case that the Stones are going to groove along. A lot of other groups are going to groove along and make good music, in a transitional period, but they're going to be part of the transition and the transition is going to be very delicate. It's going to be, believe it or not, into a kind of a broad, unified thing. Rock and Roll is going to embody itself.

Explain that.

It's so hard to explain. I'm trying to talk about a change, knowing that there isn't going to be a change, trying to describe how I feel a change is going to come about. There's a going to be no visible change, the structure of the music will change. I don't think the way the people perform is going to change. The lyrics won't change or anything, but rock and roll is going to change. It might be that new artists come along; anything can happen. But it's going to be something noticeable, something big. It's going to be something which comes within terms of pop now.

In the past things have changed. There has got to be a landmark, a milestone before one could get anything together. Something will emerge out of what already exists in music. In other words, instead of having to say "Well, we're going to have to completely scrap what we've got and get a completely new bag together," rock and roll gives us the ingredients for the next major musical crisis, to encounter the next musical crisis or musical starvation or whatever is happening.

Rock and roll is going to be the answer to the musical situation that exists and this is apart from any kind of clever mysticism or any kind of clever stage presentation or anything like that. Music is, some to swing, is going to be simple, is going to be impulsive. People are far more concerned now with honesty, with quite simply someone playing what they dig and with playing impulsively and realistically, than with people's hang-ups and people's image, with people's so-called talent or genius. So okay, poor Eric is going to be a god again.

But he was born to be a god and he always will be and he plays like one, but his thing is on the way out. That thing of worshipping Elvis Presley, worshipping Eric Clapton—it's gotta go.

What's going to happen is it's going to be "pick up the guitar. Sally and play a rock and roll song." Rock and roll is going to become down home, it's gonna become realistic. It's going to become the answer to the day's problems. It's going to become part of everybody's life from now on. You can't switch it off, you can't change what it is so far. You can't change the old classics, you can't stop the classics being born.

You can say the way you're going to receive the new stuff. You say "This is how I want my music from now on—I don't want any bull shit about you being a god and I won't want any bullshit about you being a genius and I don't want any bullshit about 'Opera,' Townshend, or any of that bullshit or spirituality. I don't want to be preached to. I've got my own bag. I'm a Methodist, and go every Sunday. I don't want to be told about my sex life. I don't want to be dithered at. I don't want a guitar smashed over my fingers. I don't want any of that shit. What I want is music and you're going to give it to me. If you don't give it then fuck off."

This is what everybody is beginning to demand. You're amazed by the amount of absurdity that groups can start with; gimmick after gimmick after gimmick after gimmick. By gimmick I don't mean what most people mean by gimmick. I don't mean a plastic nose or guitar smash. I mean ideas, an impetus, power and enthusiasm. How could all these groups all be so enthusiastic? How can they all be so hung up in their own bags? How can a group honestly say "We have a new thing?" This is what people are getting fed up with, fed up with having to know everyone that comes along and say "Oh, yeah, you've got a new thing, too, and you're more significant than they are." It's getting like a catfight.

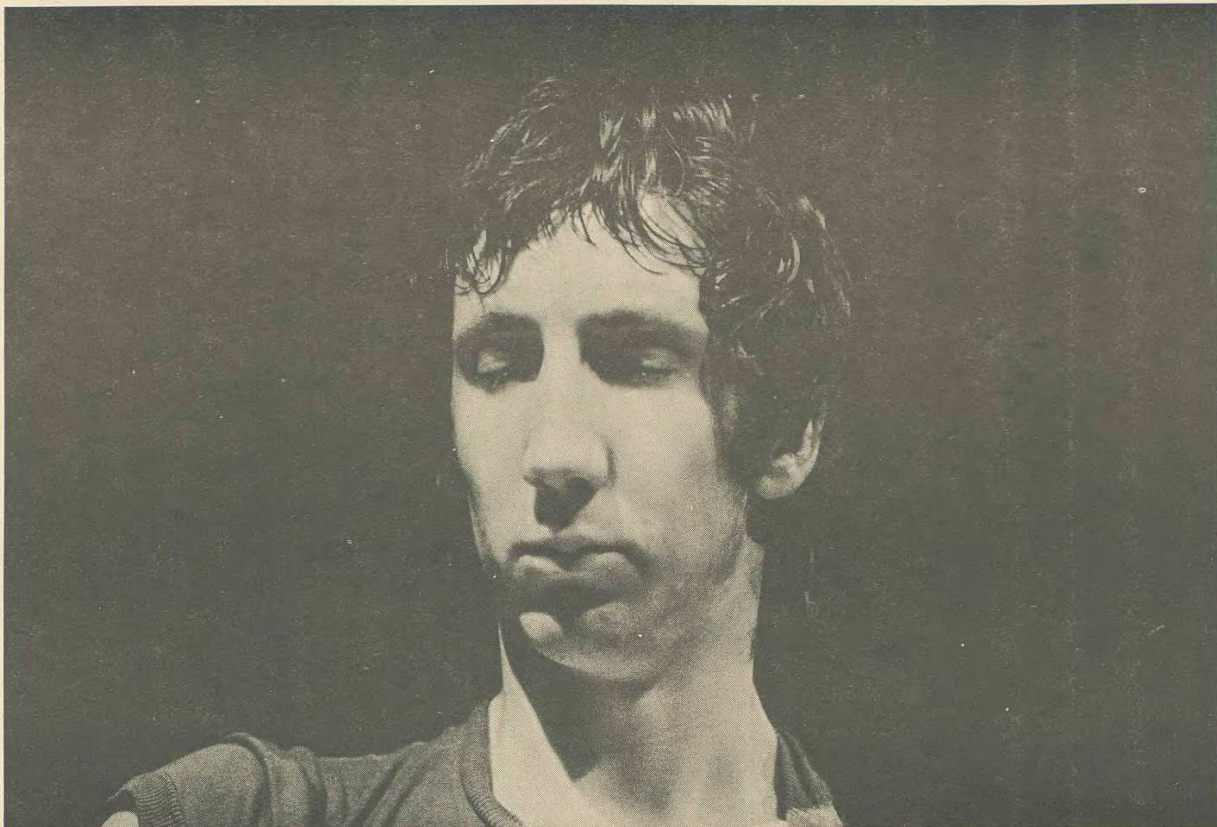
What's going to happen now is that while all this bullshit is going on, they're going to turn around and they're going to say "Hey man, have you heard Rick Owens?"

Yeah, you're an incredible significant group.

Yeah, he just plays the guitar and he just plunks away. "Yeah, he's a gas, oh yeah. Most significant group I ever heard, since you know."

In the meantime, they're going to be listening to Country and Western records or whatever. But they're going to be listening to next page





EARON WOLMAN

ing to be listening to Chuck Berry or something.

What are the modern classics? What are the classic rock and roll songs since the Beatles?

"Wild Thing," "I've Got You Babe," "Satisfaction," "My Generation." There's lots more, lots more. I'm just trying to think. "Eleanor Rigby," "Reachout I'll Be There" I thought was incredible. It's difficult to say, because everything is so fucking good. There are a lot of classics and there is a lot of good rock and roll and it is one of the reasons it's going to have enough impetus to carry it through to the next transition.

People are always trying to find a parallel with jazz. Do you see what happened to jazz, happening here?

No. Jazz totally absolutely boiled down to a different kettle of fish. Because of the audiences. Audiences were a different breed entirely. If you're talking about the days when the people used to do the Blackbottom, then maybe you're getting nearer to what pop music is equivalent to today.

Pop is more than the Blackbottom; pop is more than short skirts. The effect pop has on society is incredible. It's a power thing. It's now in a position that if everyone that was thinking in pop music terms were to stand end to end, they'd go around the world ten times. This is what pop music is about. Pop music is basically big. It concerns far more than the 20-year-olds. It concerns everybody now. It's lasted too long.

Jazz, in its entirety—modern jazz, progressive jazz—hasn't had the effect on the world in fucking 25 years that pop has had in a year today. Geniuses like Charlie Parker are completely unrecognized by the world and yet groups like the Rolling Stones—very normal, very regular guys—are incredibly well known. This is true of everything. The whole system is a different thing entirely. The audiences then were smaller, they became snobbish, racist. They were pompous jazz audiences. They became slow to catch on to new ideas. They became prejudiced, dogmatic, everything bad. While pop music is everything good.

Pop is everything; it's all sugar and spice, it really is. Pop audiences are the cream of today's music listening audiences. They're not the classical snobs who sit by their poxy Fisher amplifiers and listen to Leon-



ard Bernstein conducting. Not knowing that Leonard Bernstein is completely stoned out of his crust and grooving to high heaven, thinking "What a fine, excellent recording this is, what a fine conductor Leonard Bernstein is, really fine" and not knowing what the fucking hell is going on.

This is what the jazz listener was like. Okay, he'd have a few beers and he'd go down to the fucking Village Gate and shout out one "yeah" in a night, when he thought that someone had played something quite clever. But he didn't know what they were into. I just about know what they're into today, listening to some recordings that Charlie Parker made nearly 25 years ago. God knows what people thought then.

Pop's audience is right alongside; they know what's happening. Pop hasn't yet confused anybody, it really hasn't. It's kept with the people, it's

kept in time with the people. It's going out now; the panic now is that the people feel it going out of step. They felt it go out of step in England and completely rebelled.

People just felt that pop was getting out of their hands; groups like the Pink Floyd were appearing, scary groups, psychedelic. So they completely freaked out. Nothing like the down-home Rolling Stones who used to have a good old-fashioned piss against a good old-fashioned garage attendant. This Pink Floyd—what were they all about? With their flashing lights and all taking trips and one of them's psycho. "What's this all about? That's not my bag."

So they all turn over to good old Englebert Humperdink who is a phenomena of our age in England. Yet it's a sign of the revolt; it's a sign of the fact that the music got out of step with the people.

Why did it happen in England?

Europe is a piss place for music

and it's a complete incredible fluke that England ever got it together. England has got all the bad points of Nazi Germany, all the pompous pride of France, all the old fashioned patriotism of the old Order Of The Empire. It's got everything that's got nothing to do with music. All the European qualities which should enhance, which should come out in music, England should be able to benefit by, but it doesn't.

And just all of a sudden, bang! wack! zap-swock out of nowhere. There it is: the Beatles. Incredible. How did they ever appear then on the poxy little shit-stained island. Out of the Germans you can accept Wagner; out of the French you can accept Debussy and even out of the Russians you can accept Tchaikovsky. All these incredible people. Who's England got? Purcell? He's a gas but he's one of the only guys we've got and Benjamin Britten today who copies Purcell. There's so few people.

And all of a sudden there's the Beatles, with their little funny "we write our own songs." "Don't you have ghost writers?"

It's difficult to talk about rock and roll. It's difficult because it's essentially a category and a category which embodies something which transcends the category. The category itself becomes meaningless. The words "rock and roll" don't begin to conjure up any form of conversation in my mind because they are so puny compared to what they are applied to. But "rock and roll" is by far the better expression than "pop." It means nothing.

It's a good thing that you've got a machine, a radio that puts out good rock and roll songs and it makes you groove through the day. That's the game, of course: When you are listening to a rock and roll song the way you listen to "Jumping Jack Flash," or something similar, that's the way you should really spend your whole life. That's how you should be all the time: just grooving to something simple, something basically good, something effective and something not too big. That's what life is.

Rock and roll is one of the keys, one of the many, many keys to a very complex life. Don't get fucked up with all the many keys. Groove to rock and roll and then you'll probably find one of the best keys of all.





# BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD CANNED HEATS

CONTAINS THE HIT SINGLE "ON THE ROAD AGAIN"





BARON WOLMAN

## ☀ SMOKEY ROBINSON ☀

BY MICHAEL LYDON

Smokey Robinson is the reigning genius of Top-40. Since the Beatles and the Beach Boys dropped out of the single-then-follow-up-album pattern aimed at the AM teenage listener, William "Smokey" Robinson has had the field to himself.

The lead singer of the Miracles, writer of almost all their material and that of many Motown groups, a prolific producer, and a vice president and charter member of the Motown Corporation, Smokey is what DJ's call with gushing enthusiasm, "an all around entertainer." He is a combination Sam Cooke, Paul McCartney, Lieber and Stoller, and George Martin. But no one has done it all as well and as long as Smokey, and none with quite his style and easy grace.

Now 27, Smokey (known as "Smoke" to intimates) has been writing and singing since he did a tune for a first grade skit in which he played Uncle Remus. He wrote poetry as a kid too, but dropped it in junior high when he started the

Miracles as a street corner harmonizing group. He and his group—Bobby Rogers, Ronnie White, Pete Moore, Claudette Rogers, and Claudette's brother who left not long after—were then 12 years old and they are still together.

Aretha Franklin was a neighborhood friend too and they grew up hearing the blues and gospel, but successful black music then was the multi-voiced sweet sound of groups like the Penguins, the Platters, the Drifters, and Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers. That's the sound Smokey wanted. In 1957 the Miracles got their first audition.

"We auditioned for this guy, but he didn't like us," Smokey said recently, "with me and Claudette (she's my wife now), he wanted us to be like Mickey and Sylvia. But Berry Gordy, Jr., was there—he was doing pretty good then writing songs for people like Jackie Wilson and Etta James — and afterwards he called us over and asked to see our songs. We had a book of about 100 I had written, and he liked only one,

but he didn't just say the rest were garbage. I must of went through 68 of those songs with this cat and on every one I'd say, 'What's wrong with this one?' and he'd say, 'Well, you left off this or you didn't complete your idea on that,' which really started me to think about songs and what they were. Gordy, man, that cat more than anyone else helped me get my thing together."

A debt is also owed the other way. Gordy signed with the Miracles as their producer and with the money made from a series of solid hits like "Get a Job" and "Bad Girl," leased to big companies for distribution, started Motown in 1959. The company's first hit was a Smokey-Miracles song, "Way Over There," and it was "Shop Around," a 1961 million-seller that put the company on its feet financially.

Working together, Smokey and Gordy created the Motown Sound. In the early days they collaborated on both writing and producing, and Smokey's executive job was "artist development." But it was primitive

Motown: instead of having strings, big bands, and complex tracking, they were lucky to have a sax or piano with the rhythm section. As the business grew, Gordy stopped writing and Smokey either wrote the songs himself or built lyrics and a full melody out of riffs suggested by the Miracles' guitarist Marvin Tarplin or out of ideas sparked by members or the whole group.

By now Smokey doesn't know how many songs he's written. Some never made it, but there have been dozens of hits, each in its own way perfect. There's no formula, but all have a certain liquidity, a subtle and simple elegance. Smokey makes it look easy. There is a strong beat, a sure bass, and then a seductively harmonized melody whose turns are exactly matched by the lyric's mood.

Bob Dylan (press releases say) has said that Smokey is "today's greatest living American poet." It may be. Take "I Second That Emotion":

Maybe you wanna give me kisses sweet,  
But only for one night and no



repeat.  
And maybe you'll go away and never call.  
But a taste of honey is worse none at all.  
(Oh little girl)  
In that case I don't want no part (I do believe)  
That that would only break my heart  
But if you feel like loving me, if you've got the notion,  
I second that emotion.

John Lennon thought enough of the "I'm Crying" refrain in the sweet "Ooh, Baby," to cop it for "I Am the Walrus." Smokey can be baroque in playing with words and their repetition ("Beggars can't be choosey, I know that's what people say/But though my heart is begging for love, I've thrown some love away/I'm a choosey beggar, and you're my choice") or he can get right down home and basic as in "You're My Remedy" that he did for the Marvelettes:

Don't call a doctor  
A nurse is worse  
Cause a pill won't heal my pain  
When I'm feeling blue  
You know what to do  
To make me feel right again.  
Sometimes I get to tremblin'  
and a shakin'  
Like a leaf shakin' on a tree  
The doctor wants to s'pect  
I'll be a nervous wreck  
But you're my remedy.

While his new songs have a smooth sophistication (as "If you can want, you can need; if you can need, you can care; if you can care, you can love; whenever you want me, I'll be there") his early songs were right in the fifties'-early sixties' teen groove. "Shop Around" defines the form:

When I became of age my mother called me to her side  
She said, 'Son you're growing up now, pretty soon you'll take a bride,  
And then she said, 'just because you've become a young man now  
Still some things that you don't understand now,  
Before you let her hold your hand now  
Keep your reason for as long as you can now,  
My mamma told me, 'You better shop around.'

"Tracks of My Tears," perhaps his best song, starts with a simple guitar riff, picked up by the bass and accented first by the drum and then a few lovely "too doo oh's" by the group, and then Smokey sings alone "People say I'm the life of the party/Cause I tell a joke or two/Although I might be laughin' even though downhearted/Deep inside I'm blue," and then with everything building, out comes the chorus, "Take a good" (drum smash) "look at my face oh-oh-oh/You'll see my smile" (another smash) "looks out of place/If you look closer it's easy to trace/The tracks of my tears." By the end Smokey's voice is riding high over an incredible sweep of music, throwing in "oh's" and "yeah's" until there's nothing more to say.

"That song," said Smokey, "started with a riff Marvin Gaye came up with. We worked it over for two months trying to get it in the pocket. When we did, we took it into the studio and did it, doing three other tunes that session too."

Smokey does four tunes an afternoon because he is a Top-40 hit-maker, a professional. He is Mr. Motown; small, agile, and very light-skinned, his physical presence is the opposite of the late Otis Redding's. In his dressing room after a show at a plush, white middle class club in San Francisco, he whipped off the orange handkerchief he had put over his closely razored process when he noticed pictures were being taken; the do-rag, apparently, is not the Motown image.

Interviewed, he was like a bright salesman for a progressive company. Yet his politeness, good nature, and respect for all performers, while the clichéd public attributes of a showman, seemed also the virtues of a man beyond vanity. He and his group, he said, "just dig music, jazz, pop, rock and roll, folk, blues, or whatever."



On Bob Dylan: "Here's a cat who's really trying to express what he sees the world as being. He's writing the real of what he sees, not trying to cover it up or paint it up." Some Beatle lyrics escape him, like "I am the Walrus," "but on that one, the feel of it and the things they had going made it a great record, man. I think Lenon and McCartney are two of the greatest songwriters ever."

With Smokey, Stax-Volt is also "great" and he's very happy that his old friend Aretha is doing well with material that suits her ("She's Aretha all the way down now"). He also thinks that all the cover versions of his songs are "great."

Up at the top of his great list (also on it are Henry Mancini, Bacharach and David, Otis Redding, baseball, basketball, swimming, and Motown — "one big happy, spiritual family, man") are the Miracles. "We've stayed together because we legitimately love each other. Some groups, everything becomes more important to the group than the members. You see groups of cats, and they're falling out about a different

girl or this and that. It's a drag.

"Staying together has a lot to do with the way you treat people and the simple aspect of being lucky that people dig you for that long—because people don't have to dig you. This is one thing that recording artists get off into where after they've had a few hit records they think it's them. They think, 'well, if I was the milkman, when I was coming down the street all the girls would come out of the house and say 'oh, he's coming with the milk,' and tear their clothes off."

"That's not true, man, it just comes along with the business. When you can no longer accept the fact that you're a human being and singing is just your job and along with the glamour part of entertainment comes the screams and the yells, then you're in trouble. But we want everybody to know we thank them because they've been so wonderful down through the years."

If he talks like Mr. Nice Guy, there is nothing effete about Smokey. On stage he leads his group with a sure hand, and starting with jokes, then

moving from call and response ("Everybody in the audience who wants love to come to 'em tonight, say 'yeah,' like this, 'yeeaaaahh! Everybody!"), to some leaping with "Mickey's Monkey" and finally to romance with "Ooh, Baby," he wrings everything out of his crowds, now mostly at colleges or nightclubs. If his music isn't strictly speaking a very funky soul music, it has all of Smokey's soul in it. Done within the limits of Top-40 hit machine, and even within those of the more precise Motown machine, his music transcends them.

"My theory of writing is to write a song that has a complete idea and tells a story in the time allotted for a record. It has to be something that really means something, not just a bunch of words on music."

"A lot of the things you hear by us, we had to splice down for radio time. Like 'Second That Emotion.' It was 3:15 when it was done and Berry—who has an ingenious sense of knowing hit records, it's uncanny—he heard it, he told us, 'It's a great tune, but it's too long, so I want you to cut that other verse down and come right out of the solo and go back into the chorus and on out.' So we did and the record was a smash. He's done that on quite a few records and he's usually right, man."

"I've just geared myself to radio time. The shorter a record is nowadays, the more it's gonna be played. This is a key thing in radio time, you dig? If you have a record that's 2:15 long it's definitely gonna get more play than one that's 3:15, at first, which is very important," he said, sounding incongruously for he was lying casually on a motel bed in his bathrobe—like the junior exec, again.

"But it's no hang up because I'm going to work in it and say whatever I'm going to say in this time limit. It would be a hang up if I wrote five minutes of a song and then had to cut it up. But cutting 30 seconds or a minute doesn't make that much difference."

He was not aware that for many people in rock and roll, the Top-40 has become an irrelevant concern. "I think that anybody who records somebody approaches it with the thought in mind that these people can be a smash. I don't think anybody thinks, 'Oh, they'll never be a Top-40 act, but here, let's record them and not be in the Top-40.' Everybody who approaches this, approaches it with the idea of being in the Top Ten because it's the only way to stay in business, and let's face it, this is the record industry, one of the biggest industries going nowadays."

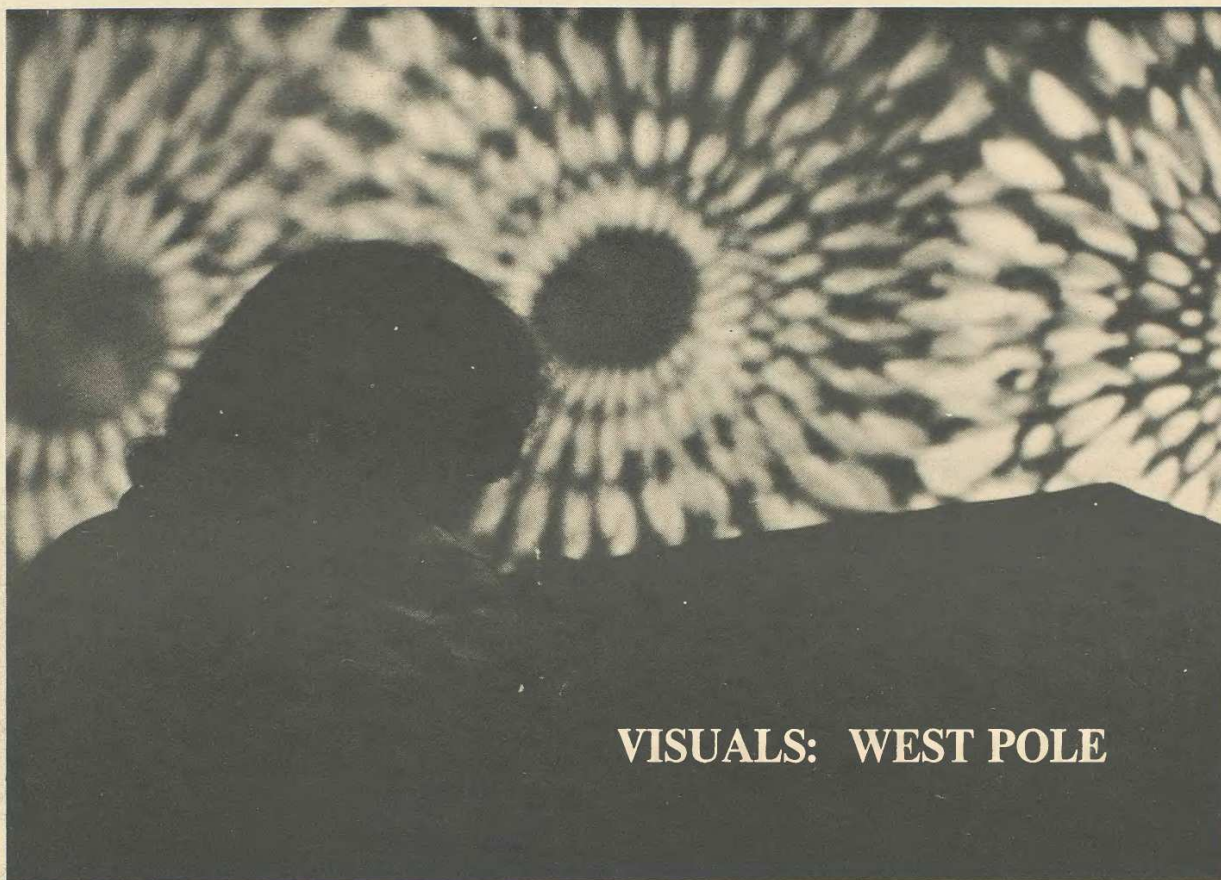
"So we're just going to try to stay abreast of what's on the market. This what hangs a lot of jazz musicians up. I've seen cats in little clubs who are jazz musicians through and through. They would not play a note of rock and roll ever. Nothing. And they're starving to death."

"Now this gets to the point of ridiculousness to me. I don't think that they love jazz anymore than I love what I'm doing, but it just so happens that right now what I'm doing is more in demand than jazz. But you can believe if it came to a point whereas jazz was what was happening and nobody was buying this type of music and I was starving to death, I'm sure I'd write some jazz songs."

"The market, man, the market is people. It is the kids who are buying the records. This is the people you're trying to reach. I think that satisfying people on the whole if you're in business is more important than self-satisfaction."

He thought for a minute if he has a side of himself that demands satisfaction free from industry and market limits. "Well," he said, "thinking hard and talking slowly, 'I could go into the studio and record a tune that's thirty minutes long if I want to satisfy my personal thing. I could record a tune that's longer than a LP, just record it, have a disc made, take it home, sit back, and dig it. But, you know, I don't think I would. If somebody did, man, great. But I don't think I'd do something like that.'"





## VISUALS: WEST POLE

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

A recent television documentary called "West Pole" showed just how close the ages are to catching up with each other, and indeed gave the acceleration a decisive push. Produced by KQED, San Francisco's educational TV station, it was primarily a documentary of the San Francisco rock scene. It included four film clips that exemplified all the latest things in new, "experimental" cinema. Then it would up with twenty minutes of video-tape shot live in the studio and using a bagful of new electronic techniques developed in KQED's year-old Experimental Workshop. It made the film strips look as dated as a Hopalong Cassidy double-bill.

"We wanted to show we could knock 'em down with television," said the show's producer-director, Robert Zagone. They did. For perhaps the first time in its history, television became something more than a mere copying machine, reproducing, with varying degrees of inaccuracy, other media such as movies and drama, or transmitting the illusions of live events. The content was the tube, the screen itself, the medium was the message. There was nothing wrong with your reception.

In other respects, West Pole was a solidly directed, totally predictable, run-of-the-mill documentary. It opened with some staff-shot film footage that showed the bands, the audiences, the parks, the clubs and ballrooms, all according to accepted canons of hand-held camera, multiple image color photography and collision editing; it was mostly surface stuff, conveying little sense of inner spirit or feeling for the city.

After a narration by Ralph J. Gleason, the show's host and co-producer, in which he explained "West Pole" as a show focusing on San Francisco as a musical center of gravity, the show proceeded through a series of filmed interviews with teen-agers standing outside the Fillmore West. This particular sequence contributed primarily several dull minutes of repetitious name-dropping, argot and inarticulateness, yuh know, like, enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is, of course, the whole point, and for a few moments it came across with fine poignance, radiating from the faces with a spontaneous eloquence that the words couldn't begin to match. But it remained mired underneath the words as they piled up in a crescendo of sameness. Like Alice, or Hubert Humphrey, they mean what they say; but "you should say what you mean," said the March Hare.

The show's use of experimental, "Underground" film strips was illuminating. The best film—excerpts from Robert Nelson's "The Grateful Dead," — was the most ineffective television, and this is about as graphic a demonstration you will find of why media don't mix, or, more precisely, translate, at least when someone exploits the properties of a medium with such strict integrity as Nelson does film.

John Urie Associates' promo films of the Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver Messenger Service are first-class examples of how readily style for style's sake can turn into instant cliché and be adopted to a slick commercial format. The latter has at least the virtue of relative honesty and incorporates some footage of the Quicksilver on a Sausalito houseboat which was as close as West Pole got to a fresh look at the locale. But, on television, these films came over strongest, possibly because they were closest to the slick commercial thing one expects on the TV screen. Ben Van Meter's film strip of the "Steve Miller Band" fell somewhere in between; it used many of the same techniques that turn cold in Urie's films, but with a special sensitivity that keeps them warmly alive.

By comparison, the last twenty minutes of West Pole were cataclysmic. The studio sequences were based around two new rock groups, an all girl ensemble called the Ace of Cups, and The Sons of Champlin, but that is immaterial. Both sequences begin innocently enough, with shots of the singers and roving close-ups on the instruments. But then the "content," so-called, becomes absorbed into the screen itself.

Unlike film, which is processed in the dark-room and exists in a com-

pletely finished state by the time you see it—the shadows are simply projected by an outside light source and magnified by lenses,—the TV image is being processed right in your living room. The television "screen" is simply the phosphor-coated end of a tube in which all kinds of electronic happenings are taking place involving electron beams, charged electric fields, filters and grids; it's a sensational show you never get to see, although you pay for it whenever a picture tube goes out. It translates the electric impulses of the television signal into visible light, and reproduces the original image on the screen.

In color, there is the added factor of hue, which is transmitted in a separate signal. The image is broken up into its primary color components—red, blue and green—and these are reassembled in the receiver to correspond to "natural color," although in fact there usually remains too much of one or another primary causing an unnaturally blue, red or greenish cast.

Most of television technology has been devoted to overcoming such imperfections—in effect, to denying many of its own unique properties toward becoming as inconspicuous and neutral as possible a transmitting device between viewer and event. Its success in doing this can be measured in terms of an immediacy which no other medium has yet been able to touch.

I won't try to go into the techniques used in West Pole's studio sequences; I couldn't begin to understand them myself. But some of the most fascinating effects were achieved by cashing in on the inherent defects of television as a recorder of reality, things we accommodate to and ignore in order to think we are seeing it straight—the hot, "unnatural" color, the 525 scanlines which form the "picture." Others were based on what are ordinarily visual annoyances—ghosts, snow and other forms of TV static.

In the "Ace of Cups," a close-up portrait, in all those phoney flesh tones, suddenly dissolved in washes of incredibly brilliant, intense color running through the range of color TV's primaries. The effect is sim-

ilar to the washed-out image of a color negative print, but the intensity is completely out of sight; it was a dazzling display of the fact that television is radiant light, whereas film is projected shadows.

The color lines that ordinarily make up the TV image jump out on the color field like the Ben Day dots in a Roy Lichtenstein painting, creating a tactile sense of texture; "they've been there all these years," Zagone observed, but rarely have they ever been integrated into the total picture to serve an abstract, graphic function of their own.

Liquified color shapes advanced and receded on the screen—I should say in the tube, because they set up a sense of tangible, three-D depth that completely wipes out the two-dimensional plane; you feel you could move your hand through the spaces between the colors with an airy, effortless ease.

The "Sons of Champlin" sequence used even more complex video effects—multiple layers of delayed action and instant replays—on the whole, with somewhat less success than the Ace of Cups take, which was striking partly for its purity.

It included, however, one spectacular sequence in which a close shot of xylophone bars multiplies itself into a counterpoint of abstract forms that seems to repeat themselves into an endless depths of infinity. There were also some beautiful effects with ghost-like images, which detach themselves from the real images, divide into fragments of bright, changing color, then break up and liquify in amoeba-like fluid abstractions.

The history of modern art has largely been written by progressively getting rid of the prepositions that stand between subject and object: "of" and "about" are replaced by "is." There is Picasso's famous quote: "But, madame, it is not a horse, it is a painting." Now the catchword is "art is life." This is what West Pole did with television—using, it seemed to me, what most be the most elementary of potential effects. The possibilities are revolutionary.



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## BY JON LANDAU

Country music is always the next trend. Since the Beatles' use of that idiom on *Yesterday* and *Today* there have been those who have proclaimed regularly that the day of country dominance of the pop scene is imminent. However, the fact remains that country has never made the big breakthrough with the mass audience, and I don't think it ever will.

In a sense, country music is pre-mass audience and pre-mass media. It is not subject to the chaos of most of the modern pop music business and has never responded to changing times and trends in the broader based urban mass culture. The South is unquestionably the most tradition bound section of the country—in this, its politics are prototypical—and it seldom reflects the changes taking place in more cosmopolitan regions of the country. Southern musicians, whether white or black, are generally not interested in experimentation the avant-garde, or, for that matter, in the trends and fads. If the MGs are any example (and they are surely as much country musicians as any hillbilly band) most Southern musicians strive for simplicity above everything. Their music is not in a process of major transition. The only changes they are interested in are in the nature of refinements, not extensions, of their musical idiom.

The best evidence of musical traditionalism on the part of white country musicians is the fact that the only major change in their music since the Thirties has been the replacement of the fiddle and banjo as lead instruments by the electric and steel guitar. If one were to compare country music of the late Forties (Hank Williams) with country of today (Buck Owens), the difference would seem incredibly minute by comparison with the differences between urban pop music of the late Forties and urban pop music of today.

Although country music has been amplified and commercialized it has basically remained the same. It reflects a static set of values in static terms. As a reflection of life in that part of society most resistant to change it is unlikely that it will ever achieve mass popularity in those sections of the country where change is taking place most rapidly—the urban centers of the North. The most one can expect is that in the endless succession of styles which contemporary urban musicians absorb and discard (such as all different styles of folk-music, blues, jug-band music, even vaudeville traditions) country music will appear for a brief period as a major influence.

This isn't to slight country music but to simply make plain its severe limitations. Unlike soul music it has given little evidence of its ability to grow into a more universal language. And most of those seeking to extend it are found on its periphery, not at its center. In the past few years many rock groups have made significant use of country styles. These have included not only the Beatles, but the Loving Spoonful and Moby Grape. However, the most recent resurgence of interest in country is largely attributable to Dylan's use of it on *John Wesley Harding*. Now, within the last month, three major new albums have been released which make extensive use of country music. The results of all three are likely to encourage the belief that rock musicians will be able to revitalize and extend country music in a way that country musicians themselves have not been able to. One of those albums, *Music From Big Pink*, has already received extensive attention. But the other two albums, the Buffalo Springfield's *Last Time Around* and the Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, are each, in their own way, equally important.

Of the three records, the Springfield's is the most eclectic. Each of the major composers in the group, Steve Stills, Neil Young, and Richie Furay, work in several different idioms. However, when Young and Furay do a country thing, they do it fairly straight, whereas Stills synthesizes several styles within the same song.

On *Last Time Around*, Young contributes the straight country "I Am

A Child" and Furay contributes the elaborate but also very country "Kind Woman." However, on another of Furay's songs, "On the Way Home," we hear him mixing styles à la Stills. The beat on that cut is rock, the vocal backup fairly close to Motown, but the lead vocal and lead guitar sound very country. The result is an integrated and satisfying performance.

The Steve Stills approach emphasizes just this sort of eclecticism. His approach makes less use of country form. Rather, he creates a feeling which is related to country but not identical to it. In particular, Stills seems to draw on more traditional folk influences than either Furay or Young. This was evident on "Rock and Roll Woman," from *Buffalo Springfield Again*. That song had a folksy vocal background, a Clapton like lead guitar, and a rock beat. But, both lyrics and vocal seemed to be very in touch with the

try. But when the group moves into straight rock (Stills' fantastic "Special Care") there is still something of a country feeling that carries over. Country music runs through the album like a thread—from the Nashville guitar on the opening cut ("On My Way Home") to the entire country production of the last one ("Kind Woman"). It's a nearly flawless job and it convinces me that the Buffalo Springfield were on the verge of becoming one of the top groups in the country before they broke up.

On *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* the Byrds exhibit a different approach to country music than that of the Springfield's. Since their beginning the Byrds have been preoccupied with form. They are, of course, eclectic in the sense that they have employed so many diverse musical influences. But what makes their eclecticism so interesting is that the style they have concocted out of all these

In other words, unlike the Springfield, the Byrds have approached country music as an entity in itself and have aimed for a greater degree of fidelity to the rules of the style. In fact, it sounds very much like McGuinn decided to do a "Byrds Sing Country" concept and has therefore deliberately abandoned other aspects of his regular approach just to see how he could do within the confines of this particular idiom. How much they were able to do turned out to be one hell of a lot.

Within the space of a single album the Byrds manage the following: Two country-Dylan tunes ("You Ain't Going Nowhere," "Nothing Was Delivered"), traditional country songs ("I Am a Pilgrim"), country gospel ("The Christian Life"), a Woody Guthrie song ("Pretty Boy Floyd"), flat out Nashville ("You're Still On My Mind") and several great original country tunes, particularly some by Gram Parsons. In the course of this program they manage to make good to brilliant use of steel guitar, country piano, fiddle, various banjo styles, acoustic flat-picked guitar, and every style of country singing. And yet the record flows with that consistency one expects from everything the Byrds do. You can hear the record turning around in circles if you listen carefully enough.

Among the best things on the album is their rendition of "You Ain't Going Nowhere." Roger McGuinn seems to approach the song with just the right touch of understatement and the harmony is perfectly suited to the melody. The use of the steel guitar is simply perfect.

"I Am a Pilgrim," another high point, is a song that Clarence White used to play with the Kentucky Colonels. He plays guitar on this record and has since joined the group. The Byrds' version has just that bit of somberness which is so typical of country gospel music. The fiddle, which is uncredited, is superb.

It may seem a bit late in the game for somebody to be recording "Pretty Boy Floyd" but the combination of John Hartford's banjo (if it isn't McGuinn himself playing) combined with McGuinn's vocal make this a very beautiful cut, as well.

The only thing I take exception to is their version of "Nothing Was Delivered." Dylan's version of his own song makes it out to be a kind of rock-a-billy number with a Fats Domino piano right up front. The song doesn't lend itself to a country interpretation particularly well and it sounds a bit forced.

There is one cut on this album that particularly overwhelms me and shows how rock musicians in the country field are capable of real creativity. William Bell is a Stax singer-composer. In 1961—back in Stax's real early days—he put out a masterpiece called "You Don't Miss Your Water." In 1965 Otis Redding put it out on *Otis Blue*. Bell's version was in three-four time, done at a good clip, with a sort of country-gospel piano up front. Redding slowed it down and turned it into one of his greatest slow performances.

The Byrds have gone back to Bell's version, paced the song very closely to the original, and have created an exquisite tour de force of contemporary country music. And they have even kept the piano, played here by Earl Ball, at the heart of their arrangement. (Earl Ball has got to be one of the great pianists in pop music; his work here is as good as country piano gets.) It is just one more example of how close together Southern white and Southern black music is. No one who hadn't known of the Stax versions of this song would have guessed that "You Don't Miss Your Water" was originally soul music, or that it had originally come from Memphis, not Nashville.

In rock terms the Springfield have obviously done more than the Byrds with country. For they have succeeded in translating some key country motives into rock terms. However, the Byrds, in doing country as country, show just how powerful and relevant unadorned country music is to the music of today. And they leave just enough rock in the drums to let you know that they can still play rock and roll. That's what I call bringing it all back home.

## COUNTRY & ROCK



The Buffalo Springfield



The Byrds

un-commercialized strain in country. One has no difficulty imagining Doc Watson or Bill Monroe singing the song.

Stills' special kind of depth and intensity is heard on "Four Days Gone" on the new album. It is a beautiful example of what could be called "white soul." The lead guitar, the vocal, and the lyrics are all very country but with that something extra that makes it more than Nashville. There's no trace of the syrupy-sweetness or cuteness which so often characterizes contemporary country music. While Stills borrows enormously from country style, he is ultimately singing his own song, with his own outlook and the resulting music is deeper than what we have come to expect from Nashville. "Four Days Gone" is very potent stuff indeed.

Whole segments of *Last Time Around* have little to do with coun-

musical sources is very un-eclectic and is, in fact, a style of incredible consistency. Whether it's "Eight Miles High," "John Riley," "The Times They are A-Changing," or "Oh, Susannah," it all comes out with the unmistakable imprimatur of the Byrds. On their last album, *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*, the group made some significant departures from *The Style*. On this album they break the mold even more than they did on their last one.

The Byrds have always loved country music and their vocal style has owed more than a little to bluegrass. However, if on the album *Turn, Turn, Turn*, the Byrds could do "Satisfied Mind" as pure Byrds, they can do "I Am a Pilgrim" as pure country. The only thing that remains the same is the vocal style which serves as the natural point of transition just because it was so country in the first place.



*It was night in the Lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year  
It was down in the dank tarn of Auber  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir*



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- Joan Baez, *Baptism* (Vanguard VSD 79275)  
 The Bagatelle, *11 PM Saturday* (ABC S-646)  
 The Band (*Music from Big Pink* (Capitol SKAO 2955)  
 The Beach Boys, *Friends* (Capitol ST 2895)  
 Jeff Beck, *Truth* (Epic BN 26413)  
 Bee Gees, *Idea* (Atco SD 33-253)  
 Toby Ben, *Wake Up to the Sunshine* (Venture VTS-4003)  
 Big Brother and the Holding Company, *Cheap Thrills* (Columbia KCS 9700)  
 Anna Black, *Meet Anna Black* (Epic BN 26384)  
 Bloomfield, Kooper, Stills, *Super Sessions* (Columbia CS 9701)  
 Bo Diddley, *Before the War* (Atco SD 33-246)  
 Buffalo Springfield, *Last Time Around* (Atco SD 33-256)  
 Eric Burdon & the Animals, *Every One of Us* (MGM SE 4553)  
 Gary Burton Quartet *In Concert* (RCA Victor LSP 3985)  
 Butterfield Blues Band, *In My Own Dream* (Elektra EKS 74025)  
 James Brown Plays *Nothing But Soul* (King 1034)  
 Maxine Brown, *Out of Sight* (Epic BN 26395)  
 The Byrds, *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* (Columbia CS-9670)  
 Glen Campbell, *Country Soul* (Star-day S-SLP 424)  
 Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison (Columbia CS 9636)  
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 Classical Ragas of India (Limelight LS 86053)  
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 Cream, *Wheels of Fire* (Atco SD 2-7000)  
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 Donovan in Concert (Epic BN 26386)  
 The Doors, *Waiting for the Sun* (Elektra EKS 74024)  
 Julie Driscoll/Brian Auger, *Jools* (Atco SD 33-258)  
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 Don Ellis, *Shock Treatment* (Columbia CS 9668)  
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 Federal Duck (Musicor MS 3162)  
 The Fifth Dimension, *Stoned Soul Picnic* (Soul City SCS 92002)  
 Fleetwood Mac (Epic BN 26397)  
 Ford Theatre, *Trilogy for the Masses* (ABC S-658)  
 Aretha Franklin, *Queen of Soul* (Columbia HS 11274)  
 The Fraternity of Man (ABC S-647)  
 John Fred and His Playboy Band, *Permanently Stated* (Paula LPS 2201)  
 The Fugs, *It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest* (Warner Bros. RS 6305)  
 Mr. and Mrs. Garvey (Epic BN26403)  
 Grateful Dead, *Anthem of the Sun* (Warner Bros. WS 1749)  
 Buddy Guy, *A Man and the Blues* (Vanguard VSD 79272)  
 John Hartford, *Housing Project* (RCA Victor LST 3998)  
 Jimi Hendrix/Curtis Knight, *Flashing* (Capitol ST 2994)  
 Pierre Henry, *Le Voyage* (Limelight LS 86049)  
 The Human Beinz, *Evolution* (Capitol ST 2926)  
 The Ill Wind, *Flashes* (ABC S-641)  
 Iron Butterfly, *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* (Atco SD 33-250)  
 Burl Ives, *The Times They Are A-Changin'* (Columbia CS 9675)  
 Jennifer, . . . *I Can Remember Everything* (Parrot PAS 71020)  
 J. K. & Co., *Suddenly One Summer* (White Whale WWS 7117)  
 Magic Sam, *West Side Soul* (Delmark DS-615)  
 Mandala, *Soul Crusade* (Atlantic SD 8184)  
 Herbie Mann, *Windows Open* (Atlantic SD 1507)  
 Hugh Masakela, *The Promise of a Future* (UNI 73028)  
 The Mason Williams Phonograph Record (Warner Bros. WS 1729)  
 John Mayall, *The Blues Alone* (London PS 534)  
 John Mayall Blues Breakers, *Bare Wires* (London PS 537)  
 Bill Medley, 100% (MGM SE 2583)  
 Yehudi Menuhin/Ravi Shankar, *West Meets East: Album 2* (Angel S36026)  
 The Millennium, *Begin* (Columbia CS 9663)  
 The Moody Blues, *In Search of the Lost Chord* (London DES 18017)  
 Mother Earth, Steve Miller, Quick-silver, *Revolution* (soundtrack) (United Artists UAS 5185)  
 The National Gallery (Phillips 600-266)  
 The Nazz (Atco SGC 5001)  
 Oliver Nelson, *The Sound of Feeling* (Verve V68743)  
 Nilsson, *Aerial Ballet* (RCA Victor LSP 3956)  
 Notes from the Underground (Vanguard VSD 6502)  
 Phil Ochs, *Tape from California* (A&M SP 4148)  
 October Country (Epic BN 25373)  
 Original Cast, *The Believers* (RCA Victor LSO 1151)  
 Original Cast, *Hair* (RCA Victor LFO 1150)  
 Buck Owens and his Buckaroos, *Sweet Rosie Jones* (Capitol ST 2962)  
 People, *I Love You* (Capitol ST 2924)  
 Pink Floyd, *A Saucerful of Secrets* (Tower ST 5131)  
 The Racket Squad (Jubilee JGS 8015)  
 The Immortal Otis Redding (Atco SD 33-252)  
 Sagittarius, *Present Tense* (Columbia CS 9644)  
 Buffy Sainte-Marie, *I'm Gonna Be a Country Girl Again* (Vanguard VSD 79280)  
 Ravi Shankar, *Chappaqua* (sound-track) (Columbia OS 3230)  
 Silver Apples (Kapp KS 3562)  
 Sly and the Family Stone, *Life* (Epic BN 26397)  
 Small Faces, *Ogden's Special Nut Gone Flake* (Immediate Z12 52008)  
 South Wind (Venture VTS 4002)  
 Spanky and Our Gang, *Like to Get to Know You* (Mercury SR 61161)  
 Staple Singers, *What the World Needs Now Is Love* (Epic BN 25373)  
 Billy Taylor, *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free* (Tower ST 5111)  
 Ten Years After, *Undead* (Deram DES 18016)  
 Joe Tex, *Soul Country* (Atlantic SD 8187)  
 The United States of America (Columbia CS 9614)  
 Vanilla Fudge, *Renaissance* (Atco SD 33-244)  
 Various Artists, *An Anthology of British Blues* (Immediate Z12 52006)  
 Various Artists, *History of Rhythm and Blues, Vol. 5* (1961-2) (Atlantic SD 8193) and *Vol. 6* (1963-4) (SD 8194)  
 Various Composers, *Images Fantastiques* (Limelight LS 86047)  
 Various Composers, *Panorama Electronique* (Limelight LS 86048)  
 Various Composers, *The Percussion of Strasbourg* (Limelight LS 86051)  
 Various Composers, *Selections from 2001* (Columbia MS 7176)  
 West (Epic BN 26380)  
 The Wind in the Willows (Capitol SKAO 2956)  
 The Zombies, *Odessey and Oracle* (Date TES 4013)

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# RECORDS



West Side Soul, Magic Sam (Delmark DS-615)

Delmark's documentation of the Chicago blues scene, from Yank Rachell and Junior Wells to this recording of Magic Sam's, has finally made the monumental step of incorporating the West Side into the established contemporary blues genre. Sam Maghett, or Magic Sam as he was nicknamed by Shakey Jake, has been the foremost blues and soul performer on the West Side for the past ten years. His recordings had formerly been limited to singles on small local labels like Cobra, Chief and Crash. For a long time he was in a provincial (for that part of the city) R&B bag, but by 1954 he decided to get back into the blues. And it's a good thing. Magic Sam has become a living legend in the Chicago area.

This album, which includes the participation of former Otis Rush guitarist Mighty Joe Young, pianist Stockholm Slim (Per Notini of Sweden) and the ageless Odie Payne on drums, was produced by old Shakey Jake Harris himself, the great blues singer and harp player, who, during his gambling and catting days, known then as Cadillac Jake, discovered Sam playing his guitar under a tree in his backyard at 27th and Calumet.

Sam's music represents the interaction of Memphis soul, gospel-influenced Detroit pop-soul, and the standard Mississippi-cum-Chicago scheme. But new depth has been added with the inclusion of 16-bar arrangements in the style of Junior Wells and Buddy Guy's material.

The cuts Sam has chosen to record are an equal representation of new and old. "Sweet Home Chicago" has a Jimmy Reed bass line and a direct guitar progression, but Sam's vocal takes the lyrics off the line, outside of the measured syntax, and leaves diminished notes scattered throughout the song. He is an expert song stylist; his voice is capable of changing form in mid-note—like B. B. King when he's really got it on.

"I Feel So Good (I Wanna Boogie)" is Sam's famous dance tune that he uses to talk to the audience—he's famous for doing this during performances at small clubs like the Alex or Sylvio's. Sam's original performance of this song was at the old 708 Club on East 47th Street when Shakey Jake persuaded Muddy Waters to let Sam sit in on a set with his band. He knocked everyone out, screaming: "I feel all right/I wanna boogie," and was hired to follow Muddy's engagement at the club.

The track that captures Sam at his best is "All Of Your Love." His guitar work is amazing. More in the style of older Chicago blues guitarists like Smokey Smothers, Sam, like the late Wes Montgomery, disregards use of a flat pick, using his thumb instead. He's incredibly quick and gets as sharp and clear a sound from his big shiny Epiphone, which he rests on his hip while he plays, as Buddy Guy does. His runs on "I Don't Want No Woman" are as hard and true as Albert King's, but they're very different—Sam isn't as predictable.

His powerful voice trembles slightly as he marks the final cadence of each bar. "Whoa baby/whoa baby" he yells. "Mama Mama-Talk To Your Daughter" is a classic of Sam's. It hurtles along, a 12-bar compendium of hard, driving blues chording—the

guitar riffs cut back like an automatic shotgun.

This is the music of the West Side. The people come and go but the music remains. It's tough, violent and gaudy like that part of the city. The only escape for the inhabitants can be found in sex, gambling, fighting and drinking—and they're all here. As Sam sings: "Come on baby/don't you want to go back to that same old place/sweet home Chicago."

BARRY GIFFORD



Anthem Of The Sun, The Grateful Dead (Warner Brothers WS 1749)

On the Grateful Dead's *Anthem of the Sun* the studio with its production work dissolves into live performance, the carefully crafted is thrown together with the casually tossed off, and the results are spliced together. The end product is one of the finest albums to come out of San Francisco, a personal statement of the rock aesthetic on a level with the Jefferson Airplane's *After Bathing at Baxter's*. To be sure, the album has its weak points, but as a total work it is remarkably successful, especially when compared to the first Dead album.

The first side of *Anthem of the Sun* is a masterpiece of rock. "That's It for the Other One" and "New Potatoes Caboose" being particularly noteworthy. The main theme of "Other One" is an eminently memorable quasi-county melody that starts right off with the tasteful guitar of Garcia that dominates the record; a second movement starts the confusion between live and studio (nice stereo production work here), fading into a restatement of the main theme; then there is some beautiful musique concrete leading into "Caboose." Already there is evident carefully arranged vocal work, a departure from the Dead's previous release. The end of "Caboose" is a driving solo by Garcia that builds into structured frenzy thanks to Lesh's bass, the drums of Hart and Kreutzmann, and especially Garcia's masterful playing. Garcia is that rarity among rock guitarists, a thoughtful phraser who logically constructs his solos in a manner not unlike a capable jazz musician. Together Lesh, Weir and Garcia (along with McKernan's fat globs of organ) produce a complex, tight sound that stands with the best hard rock around.

Kazoos open "Alligator," which is that kind of song, hardly dead serious. But it includes another fine Garcia solo; Lesh shows here as elsewhere that he is a fine bass player, while Hart and Kreutzmann work together to form one of the most powerful (and inventive) percussion units in rock. With "Caution (Do Not Stop on Tracks)" we are confronted with the album's most curious track, which ranges from a white-imitation blues riff vamp-until-ready to 60-cycle hum and microphone feedback. The vocal sounds like Danny Kalb (poor in other words), but this in fact is the main consistent problem with the album: the vocals. Often the voices are muddy and on blues none of the Dead sound particularly persuasive; but this is a minor quibble when so much else is right on this album. The mixture of electronic and serious music achieved by Edgar Varese on "Deserts" stands as one of the most impressive achievements in this area; on their own terms the Dead have achieved a comparable blend of electronic and electric music. For this reason alone *Anthem of the Sun* is an extraordinary event. It's been over an extra since the first Dead album. It was worth waiting. JTM MILLER



Tape From California, Phil Ochs (A & M SP 4148)

David Ackles (Elektra EKS 74022)

These Twenty-Three Days in September, David Blue (Reprise 6296)

These three albums have interesting and even entertaining places. With the possible exception of David Blue's, they are not really very good.

Phil Ochs, in a beautifully produced record, is no less Phil Ochs. Van Dyke Parks and Jack Elliot helped with the music, which is splendid. But Phil's political vision and/or insight is still pubescent, it has not matured. "Joe Hill," a seven-minute ordeal in which Ochs employs a droning melody, is a song about enemies, and Ochs, like most old-style protesters, can simply find nothing vaguely amusing in enmity itself, revealing his (and their) basic lack of wit. Two other directly political songs, "White Boots Marching in a Yellow Land" and "The War Is Over" (the latter with the two great lines "freedom will not make you free" and "even treason might be worth a try") are poorly arranged, not one but both using bugles and military drums to make their over-obvious point (points?). The latter song shifts to Ochs' new "thing," in which Ochs enters a nightmare world of fleeting, unrelated images, some quite striking. But the impetus of the writing plainly comes not from any point being made, but from the rhyming word of the previous line. He rhymes "Mother Goose" and "Lenny Bruce" not for the relationship between the two (though there is one), but because "goose" and "bruce" rhyme. It is as if the nightmare is bordered by—even induced by—the surrounding rhythm. This makes for isolated good lines, but the songs don't hold together, even the best, the title cut, which is especially well-arranged and has one of Ochs' better melodies.

David Ackles' arrangements and accompaniment are, once again, excellent, and especially Michael Fontana's very fresh, very clean organ. (This might be the stage of rock music, however, like the stage in the evolution of B movies where techni-

cal excellence can and should be expected as a matter of course.) Ackles is one of the best singers I've ever heard. He gets into a song the way Richie Havens does, without indulging himself in stylistic excesses the way Havens does. (Havens is to rock what Streisand is to her brand of pop.) But his melodies, lines of which are occasionally interesting, are at best frail, almost no melodies at all, on the order of Mel Brooks' "Thirty-One German Soldiers Hurt Their Knees." Their frailty simply forces the listener's attention off the words, which are themselves breath-takingly ordinary. ("Hey people, can you hear the children singing?" Sure, why not?) His influences seem to be pure blues and pure folk.

David Blue's first LP strikes something like a warning with the cover, a vintage Highway 61 shot with a sullen Blue in a leather jacket. His delivery is quite like Dylan's on *Blonde on Blonde*. But behold, the lyrics are among the best I've recently heard. Though the stance is like Dylan's, the words themselves indicate he really knows some things Dylan knows, and some things the master doesn't. So fine is his ear for speech that the words tend to overshadow the otherwise quite adequate music. Blue does not try for Dylan's explosions, his examinations are more like microscopic (if not more subtle). The Dylan influences over-reach themselves on only two songs. "Grand Hotel" (nice autoharp) and "The Fifth One" (good Buttrfly-like drumming). But it is hard explaining that something which so easily lends itself to comparison with another specific thing is really quite unique, and in Blue's case, a promising first offering as well. The music is quite good, particularly the piano, and even provides an instance of humor when a sitar run backs up the word "philosophy." Unlike Ackles' LP whose accompaniment is superior, and even most of Ochs' LP, it's actually fun to listen to.

ARTHUR SCHMIDT



Waiting For The Sun, The Doors (Elektra EKS-74024)

One night recently the Mothers were performing "Plastic People/Louie Louie" when Frank Zappa stumbled onto the monologue that graces "The End" ("he took a face from the ancient gallery and he walked on down the hall . . ."). It was terribly funny, and it was nice to see Zappa go through the Morrison changes with an utter lack of seriousness, if only because Morrison himself could use some levity occasionally. Listening to the new Doors' album, *Waiting For The Sun*, reminded me of Zappa and also how good the first Doors album was; yet after a year and a half of Jim Morrison's posturing one might logically hope for some sort of musical growth, and if the new record isn't really terrible, it isn't particularly exciting either.

The group, as always, is tight: Manzarek does some nice things on keyboards and Krieger acquits himself quite capably on guitar; the rhythm section (particularly Densmore) leaves something to be desired in the way of swing, but at least everybody is together. The album's songs vacillate between the trivial and the neo-Freudian, reaching in some cases new depths as far as lyrics go: "Summer's almost gone, summer's almost gone, we had some good times, but they're gone . . ." But the real problem is Morrison, for the Doors have come to be structured around him: there are no extended solos to speak



of, which is a pity considering Manzarek's not inconsiderable skill. On this album Morrison doesn't seem to sing as well as on the first Doors' release, but more important is his lack of subtlety: as S. Leon Sultan has pointed out, "The Unknown Soldier" is about on a par with Eric Burden's "Sky Pilot."

There are of course some good tracks: "Spanish Caravan" features some beautiful Krieger classical guitar work, and is well-arranged; "Not to Touch the Earth" (part of a longer "theater piece," "The Celebration of the Lizard") also has its moments, and in spite of its lyrics the music to "Summer's Almost Gone" is highly evocative, with Krieger's slippery bottle-neck guitar effectively embellishing the song. "Hello, I Love You" and "We Could Be So Good Together" are pretty thin fare, while the marriage of Morrison with the work song ("My Wild Love") is somewhat awkward. There is some nice Manzarek harpsichord on "Wintertime Love" (a waltz), but nothing of real substance, and (in case anyone wondered) Morrison shows on "Yes, the River Knows" that he is incapable of sustaining a ballad. Then there is the album's "hard" rhythm and blues number, "Five to One," where Morrison manages to sound like a combination of Barry Melton, Wolfman Jack and Conway Twitty while the rhythm section chugs through the changes.

Waiting for the Sun is a respectable, if unimpressive, third album; it at least represents an advance over *Strange Days* (which had the knack of sounding like the first Doors album, not only as good). Nevertheless the Doors are not a particularly exciting hard rock band and Morrison is something like rock music's equivalent to Rod McKuen. Whether all this adds up to the praise that has been heaped on the Doors in some circles is open to question. As for the music, great rock it isn't—but then Morrison is supposedly our generation's sex symbol. Anyway the cover is pretty.

JIM MILLER



Eli and The Thirteenth Confession  
Laura Nyro (Columbia CS-9626)

I wasn't at Monterey. Consequently, I don't really know what Laura Nyro did there that turned so many people off. She must have done something, because the word was so thick that it convinced me that there wasn't any point bothering with her first album. It took a lunatic friend of mine, barging into my apartment a couple of weeks ago, frothing at the mouth about the record, to get me to listen to it seriously. All I can say is I'm glad he did.

Laura Nyro's music is a mixed marriage of diverse styles. Her melodies and lead vocal betray a Bacharach-David type of sophistication. Her harmony and some of her rhythms show she's been influenced either directly or indirectly by Curtis Mayfield's Impressions. To that nucleus she adds a rock, almost soul, beat with lyrics that occasionally sound like sophisticated Bobbi Gentry ("Let's go down by the grapevine/drink your daddy's wine.") In both lyrics and melodies there is a generally attractive combination of the ornate and elementary.

Laura is at her best when she leans more towards the simple side. Perhaps "Lu" shows that side best. The chorus, which contains the Impressions' lyric phrase "keep on pushin'" is exquisitely simple and driving. The beat hits very hard and it can sweep you off your feet. The whole chorus sounds like it was

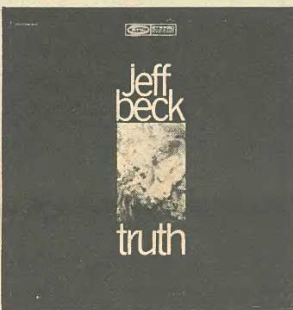
drawn from the same bag as Steve Miller's "Pushed Me To It," it has that same type of harmony only done with infinitely more grace.

She's at her worst when she breaks her rhythms too much and misuses her falsetto. I say misuses because she employs both beat changes and falsetto on practically every cut, sometimes, as on "Lu," to great effect. However, when she overdoes it, she clutters the track up with superfluous emoting. In such cases, both techniques begin to sound like artificial gimmicks. The introduction to "Timer" is subject to both of these faults and severely damages what is in other ways a fine cut. Similarly, "Poverty Train" which has a powerful chorus, might have been more effective if the arrangement had been tighter. Yet, even with defects, that cut comes out very powerfully.

The cumulative impact of Laura's excesses make this a difficult album to listen to all the way through. Yet the strong cuts (which far outnumber the weak ones) when listened to individually, reveal the mark of an original and brilliant young talent. When she gets into a steady, solid groove, whether fast or slow, she can make you feel it deep down inside. Dig her especially on "Luckie," "Eli's Comin'," "Stone Soul Picnic," (which the Fifth Dimension took note for note) and "Emmie."

Laura Nyro has a long way to go. But she also has a lot going for her: a fine voice, a great melodic and lyrical sense, and plenty of style. What she mainly needs now is little more self-restraint and control. It will come.

JON LANDAU



Truth, The Jeff Beck Group (Epic BN 26413)

The album that catapulted John Mayall & Eric Clapton to fame, *The Bluebreakers with Eric Clapton*, was a special one. It hipped the U.S. to two good blues interpreters, held a fresh approach to the blues, and was performed by good musicians all around. Two months ago everyone was saying "Jeff Beck's in town and you must see his group . . . blah, blah, blah."

It was an unnerving experience to hear the Beck group. I had to leave after three numbers. The band was blowing changes, the bass player was losing time, Beck was uncomfortably and bitingly over-volumed, the singer was doing deep knee-bends holding the mike stand like a dumbbell (original, but so what). It didn't make a hell of a lot of sense to me.

When his album came out, I expected to hear England's revenge for Blue Cheer or Jimi Hendrix and his Electric Period. Not a chance. This album is quite another story. It's called *Truth*.

I wonder what is the truth: the record or what I saw that night? This remains to be seen. However, this album is a classic, much the way the Clapton-Mayall album is. *TRUTH* is probably the current equivalent of that album.

The album opens with a considerably reworked version of "Shapes of Things" and it is more successful than the original except for Beck's solo. I believe the solo on the Yardbirds record (by Beck) to be one of the classic guitar soli on a pop record. I was hoping he would top it. The singing (Rod Stewart) is just great and many will now realize just how impotent a singer Keith Relf really was.

After a "Strange Brew"-ish opening, "Let Me Love You" gets into a Mayall-Clapton "Little Girl" structure with an honest and relaxed feel.

Beck sounds really comfortable here. The bass line (Ron Wood) is as correct and tasteful as could be for this particular groove. The ending is beautiful.

Tim Rose's "Morning Dew" comes in for a good turn next. Most covers of this song have been quite good and it's probably a credit to Tim's original, which gave everyone a lot to work with. It sounds like they phased Beck's "wah . . . wah" without moving the frequency to give it a close-up sound (like the vocal on "Punk's Dilemma" by Paul Simon). Bonnie Dobson would be proud of the occasionally faded in bagpipes on this cut. The piano playing by Nicky Hopkins is quite good.

On "You Shook Me," no credit is given the organist or the pianist, but the organ is up front and slows the groove down a great deal. Beck plays his our-de-force (sic) on this cut. The close of the first side and a highlight of the album is "Old Man River." A very orchestral beginning featuring tympani gives way to a Percy Sledgeish track and vocal. The tympani are a bit overbearing after a certain point, and you wish "you know who" hadn't gotten hung up with them at the session. The singing is gorgeous and actually in order not to repeat myself, the singing is first-rate throughout the album. It was not half as groovy in person however, which might tell the story of the Jeff Beck Group's "fame" in the coming months.

An acoustical "Greensleeves" opens side two. It's not very impressive. B. B. King's bastardized "Rock Me Baby" called "Rock My Plimsoul" uses a quarter note triplet turn-around which is very effective and the track bounces around like a pinball machine. Beck sounds a lot like Hendrix on this, "Beck's Bolero" is on here. It's a B side from one of his old singles and it's a chapter in a book that includes "Jeff's Boogie" and his other instrumentals. Beck is actually a lot better than Clapton at playing four guitar overdubs and fusing them. Hendrix is better than both of them; he does it all at once.

"Blues Deluxe" is a seven-minute jam. Supposedly "live" (it sounds quite studioish) is slugs along and sounds like any other blues by a competent group. Nothing special. "I Ain't Superstitious" starts off like a Yardbirds record but gets into Beck's new groove. He does dog's barking with his wow-wow pedal, changes tempos and just generally eases around Stewart's lucid singing.

As a group they swing like mad on this record. It remains to be seen what will happen to them in person. I hope the public is honest enough to make them work out.

AL KOOPER



Gary Burton Quartet in Concert,  
Gary Burton Quartet (RCA Victor LSP-3985)

Iron bars do not, you know, and long hair, buckskin and beads don't make a rock musician either, Gary Burton's photo on the album cover notwithstanding. Make no mistake: the music on this record is jazz—jazz flavored with a few rock elements, perhaps, jazz played by musicians who have worked and/or jammed with rock bands, musicians who are young and who look, dress and act not very differently from their more highly amplified contemporaries (especially when they found it paid off in gigs and record sales), but very definitely jazz, 1968-style, well-done with a little hot sauce.

The equivocation and general

shucking and jiving in the liner notes and overall promotion of this record is sickening. More power for getting the music in wider circulation—but it's a self-limiting phenomenon—which can be seen in the case of Charles Lloyd as well. Because he's willing to dress the part, he accepted by the psychedelic audience as one of their own . . . but because he avoids the jazz label, at least in rock situations, he denies the audience a lead-in to musicians like Archie Shepp, Ornette Coleman and the late Eric Dolphy, who play in the same style—only better.

The music was recorded live in concert at New York's Carnegie Recital Hall, last February. The group consisted of Burton on vibes, ex-Free Spirit Larry Coryell playing guitar, Steve Swallow, bass and Bob Moses, drums. (Moses has since been replaced by jazz veteran Roy Haynes, who started his own career with Sarah Vaughn in the early Fifties and met Burton when they were both members of the Stan Getz Quintet a couple of years ago.) Two of the tunes, "Lines" and "The Sunset Bell," appeared on earlier Burton albums, but they are considerably reworked here. The treatment of "Lines" is more exciting and together than it was on *Lofty Fake Anagram*. The vibes and guitar without a rhythm section, counterpoint which sounded unbearably false and pseudo-Bachian on the previous record but which works here. The other resurrected number is a delicate ballad that began as an unaccompanied vibraphone solo. Now the entire quartet plays it with the vibes providing toothsome obligatos and Coryell's guitar chording like a piano in the background. piece features counterpoint playing

There is a vibes solo on the album—"Dreams," a pensive, deliberate melody spiced with a few bright showers of notes. But the meat of the album lies in the four tunes that show the group's rock influences and the extent to which they have or have not been assimilated.

"Walter L." is a study in shifting moods. A country guitar intro leads into the line played with straight jazz feeling. Then Coryell takes a very rock/blues/electronic guitar solo filled with notes held and bent a la Albert King or Eric Clapton before switching into a down home R&B groove. Burton follows in the same swinging vein—here his vibes playing sounds more like the first major influence on the instrument, Lionel Hampton, than anywhere else I have heard him. (Hamp of course was never more than a step away from rhythm and blues.) After slowing the tempo somewhat, Gary trades four bar breaks with his guitarist in the classic hard bop manner before taking the tune out. This may sound like a stylistic mishmash, but it works. Coryell's chorded guitar work on "One, Two, 1-2-3-4," on the other hand is replete with feedback and other fashionable effects but like his frenetic accompaniment on the same tune only succeeds in interfering with the mood the rest of the group is trying to establish.

The improvised ensemble on "Wrong is Right" also demonstrates Coryell's debt to rock. He plays lead and creates a melody that sounds like a Stone Poneys' or some such tune . . . it's pretty but doesn't mean very much. Bob Dylan's "I Want You" is given a rather surprising arrangement—it's an improvised bass solo with Burton and Coryell occasionally providing Steve Swallow with some unnecessary accompanying fills. In this case the only connection to rock is that Dylan wrote the tune—and this makes the Burton Quartet rock musicians like John Coltrane's playing "My Favorite Things" made him a member of the pit band for *The Sound of Music*.

In other words Burton's music is well-played, swinging, interesting and accessible to reasonably careful listening. The group should be heard for those qualities, not because it's "all right" to dig them because they are "really" some strange new form of rockers. Dig?

JERROLD GREENBERG



## Buddy Guy: Blues Are The Truth

—Continued from Page 6

play. We don't need much time to get together. We've all been there before."

Buddy still loves Chicago the most and feels that performing in the bars on the South Side is where the blues is really at. "Playing at the Fillmore or Carousell, or at colleges around the country is great," he says, "the kids give you a good feeling, you get something special and different from them, but you know there's a guy sitting in that bar just waiting for a blues. He doesn't care if he has to wait all night for only one real old blues he's heard hundreds of times before. It's just the way he feels. And when you give it to him the blues are where they belong. The blues are at home."

He enjoys Clapton, Bloomfield, Bishop and some of the other young white blues guitarists, but "the best young player I've seen yet," he claims, "is a 12-year-old kid in Philadelphia who came up to my hotel room and laid down all of Jimi Hendrix's moves faster than Hendrix himself."

"Eric Clapton tried to talk me into using one of those big, powerful Sunn amps to get more sound. But I don't care how loud I play. I still

like to stand behind the amplifier when I play and I couldn't do that with one of those huge ones, the people wouldn't be able to see me."

He feels kids' heads today are in a better place than ever before and he's sure the racial situation can't help but improve. "Just so long as they keep sellin' that grass," he says.

Buddy believes he plays best in person so he's cutting an album live at the New Orleans House in Berkeley. He agrees with Clapton that "working in a studio doesn't inspire you to cut loose and top what you've done before."

Buddy's good looks have always attracted a large female audience. He's trim and, like most of the older city bluesmen, he dresses well, but not flamboyantly.

"I dig those fancy clothes. I like to wear 'em myself. But it's not necessary to my music. They've gotta dig what I play, not what I wear when I play."

He says "there are three women who follow Junior and me around from club to club whenever we play in Chicago. They're always there with a couple of bottles of scotch. They just love to hear us play the blues."

## Correspondence, Love Letters & Advice

—Continued from Page 3

spine.

I'm not trying to blame anyone (I don't even know who is responsible) or say you were wrong to print such a heading; I'd just like to make one point clear. A majority of the Philadelphia area groups, DJ's, and Underground enthusiasts have agreed that there is, in effect, no "Philly Sound." And anyone who exploits it as such should be drawn and quartered. The three best groups from this area (i.e., Mandrake Memorial, Elizabeth, Nazz) have completely different sounds, and therefore they cannot be said to possess a certain "sound."

We all know what happened to the so-called "Boston Sound": it fell flat

on its face. Three groups, the Ultimate Spinach, Beacon Street Union, and Philuph, were all produced under the same label by one Alan Lorber. The groups, on the whole, were a flop. The paradox of the whole thing is that the few groups that didn't receive as much publicity (such as Eden's Children) became successful in comparison, simply because they are good.

The Boston promoters struck their own death knell when they labelled their product "Boston Sound," and stuffed it all in a bottle, corked it, and threw it down the mass media's throat. You just can't isolate such a variety of sounds, which are influenced by so many different realms of music, in the proverbial ivory tower, or hurl it like a Molotov cocktail in retaliation against the products of the West Coast, as Boston did.

BRUCE NIEDT  
GLASSBORO, N.J.

## A Modern Minstrel

kute & korny &  
phoney just like a lush  
replete with whimper

idle junkie games  
'so I'm an impossible person  
so take me or leave me'

being taken or being left, you  
[call that  
living?—being a con man is  
'very profound,' he says, and  
[smirks.  
CHARLES PERRY

## HELP!!

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Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play or for something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad). Be sure to indicate city and state when you mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

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EXPERIENCED CHICK lead singer with unusual power, club and concert experience, seeks work with established heavy rock band. Genevieve, 863-1314, San Francisco.

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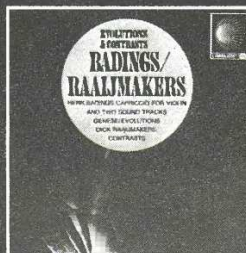
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Khan—Tabla, Tambura accompaniment.  
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